

T H E

# Massachusetts Magazine :

OR

## MONTHLY MUSEUM

O F

Knowledge AND Rational Entertainment.

No. IX.]—For SEPTEMBER, 1793.—[Vol. V.

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Stanzas on Hope*--we also have a *hope* that such compositions may never put us in *fear* again.

*Verses in memory of Mr. Paine*--Poetry is not thy forte.

*I. T.'s love Letter*. We recommend it to be read at all Huskings--but must decline the republication.

*Albucette's polite Sonnet*--We share his pleasures, and his pain is our's.

*Sonnet to the Wood Robin*--Sweet are the tones of native Poesy.

*A Fragment--Mary's dream* might lap the prisoned soul in Elysium.

*Hymn--The fervor of piety--mean of Poetry*.

*Apology for Wresling--the Hercules of Genius*.

*The pleasures of Life*--Shall be inserted next Month. The sentiment is excellent. All fugitive pieces of merit will ever claim a place.

*Terpander* is acknowledged--If its *merit* is proportioned to its *length*, it must be good.

Errata, Gleaner, last month, p. 457, l. 10. *conceivng* read *conceive*. p. 458 read *fortuitously*. p. 459 read *persisted* vice *perished*. *ibid.* for *fly* read *ply*. p. 461 for *wisibles* read *visibles*.

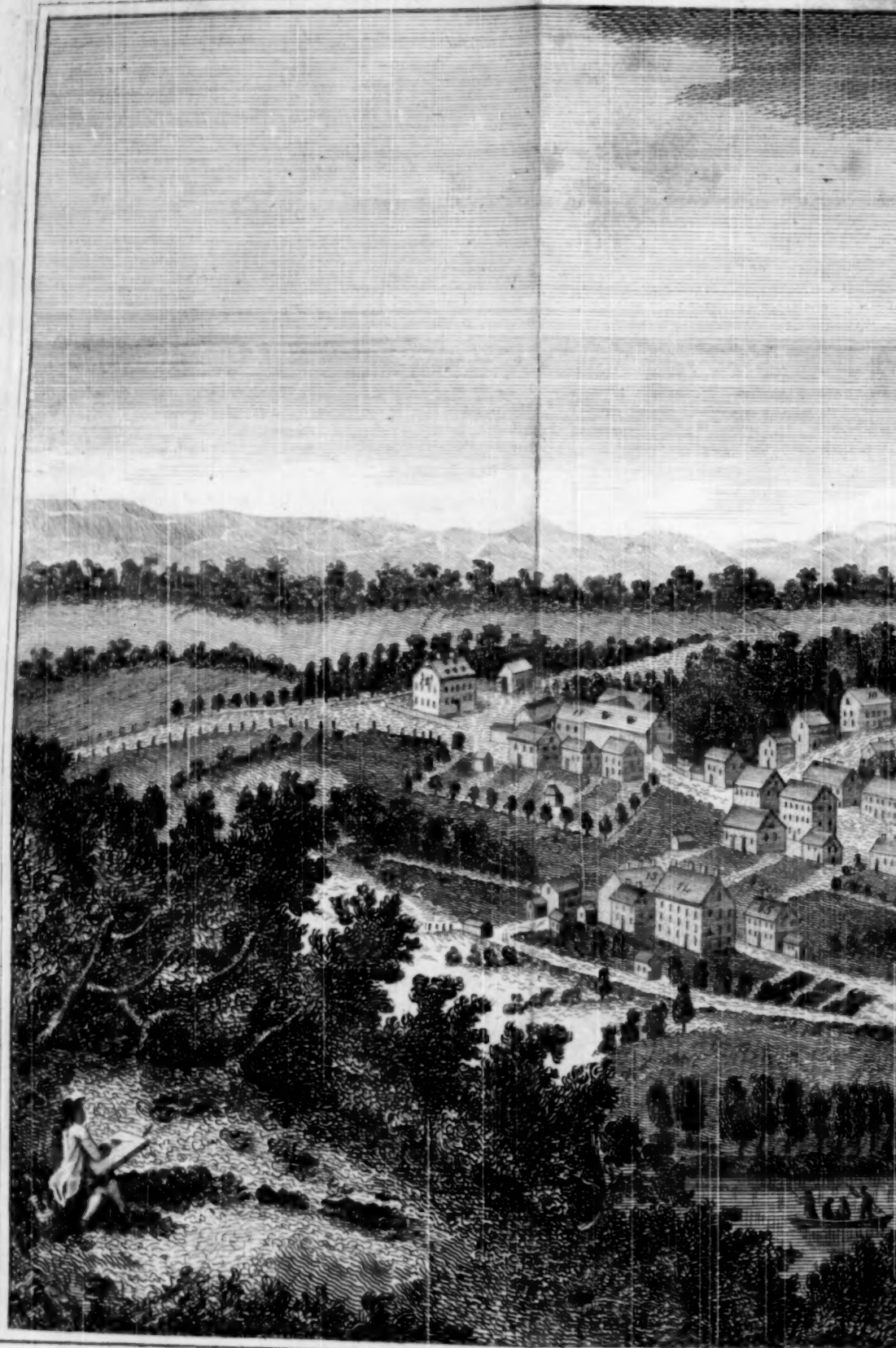
*Mr. I. S.'s marriage* was inserted on the authority of the *Mercury*, without our knowing it to be false, till after the sheet was struck off.

## PRICES OF PUBLIC SECURITIES, BANK STOCK, &c.

September.	Six per Cents.	Three per Cents.	Defer'd Stock.	Massachusetts State Notes.	United States Bank Shares.	Massachusetts Bank Shares.	Union Bank Shares.	Final & L. Office Certif. inter. fr. Ja. 1788	Reg. of t. with in- teret fr. March 1789.	Indents. on Loan Certif. & Reg. Dt.	New E- million Money.	Old Emi- lion Mo- ney.
	s. d.	s. d.	s.	s. d.	dols.	dols.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s.	s. d.	
2	18 9	10 4	11 2	13 2	428	550	36 6	18 6	16 6	10	10 6	48
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7	18 6	10	10 10	13	426	550	36 6	18 3	16 6	10	10 6	48
8	18 6	10	10 10	13	426	550	36 6	18 3	16 6	10	10	48
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11	18 7	10 1	11	13 1	428	550	36 9	18 3	16 6	10	10	48
12	18 7	10 1	11	13 1	428	550	36 9	18 3	16 6	10	10	48
13	18 8	10 2	11	13 1	428	550	36 9	18 3	16 6	10	10	48
14	18 9	10 3	11	13 3	434	550	36 9	18 3	16 6	10	10	48
16	18 6	10 3	11 1	13 3	440	550	36 9	18 3	16 6	10	10	48
17	18 6	10 2	11 1	13 3	440	550	36 9	18 3	16 6	10	10	48
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19	18 5	10 2	11 1	13 3	440	550	36 9	18 3	16 6	10	10	48
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24	18 6	10 2	11 1	13 3	444	550	36 9	18 3	16 6	10	10	48
25	18 6	10 2	11 1	13 3	448	550	36 9	18 3	16 6	10	10	48
26	18 6	10 2	11 1	13 3	448	550	36 9	18 3	16 6	10	10	48
27	18 6	10 3	11 2	13 4	450	550	36	18 3	16 6	10	10	48
28	18 6	10 3	11 2	13 4	450	550	36	18 3	16 6	10	10	48
30	18 7	10 4	11 3	13 4	450	550	36	18 3	16 6	10	10	48

JOHN MARSTON, STOCK BROKER.





*A View of BETHLEH*





Engraved by S. Hill, Boston.

BETHLEHEM, in Pennsylvania.

# Massachusetts

THE present plate exhibits Pennsylvania, the principal residence from number 1 to 17 inclusive, point Lehigh Mountain. No. 2, Lehigh Widow's house. No. 5, House for young Misses. No. 7, Congregation House. No. 9, Young Men's House. No. 10, No. 12, Tavern. No. 13, Grift Mill Houses. No.

Those who and its early social polity Vol. 3, 1791

## THOUGHTS ON SOCIETY

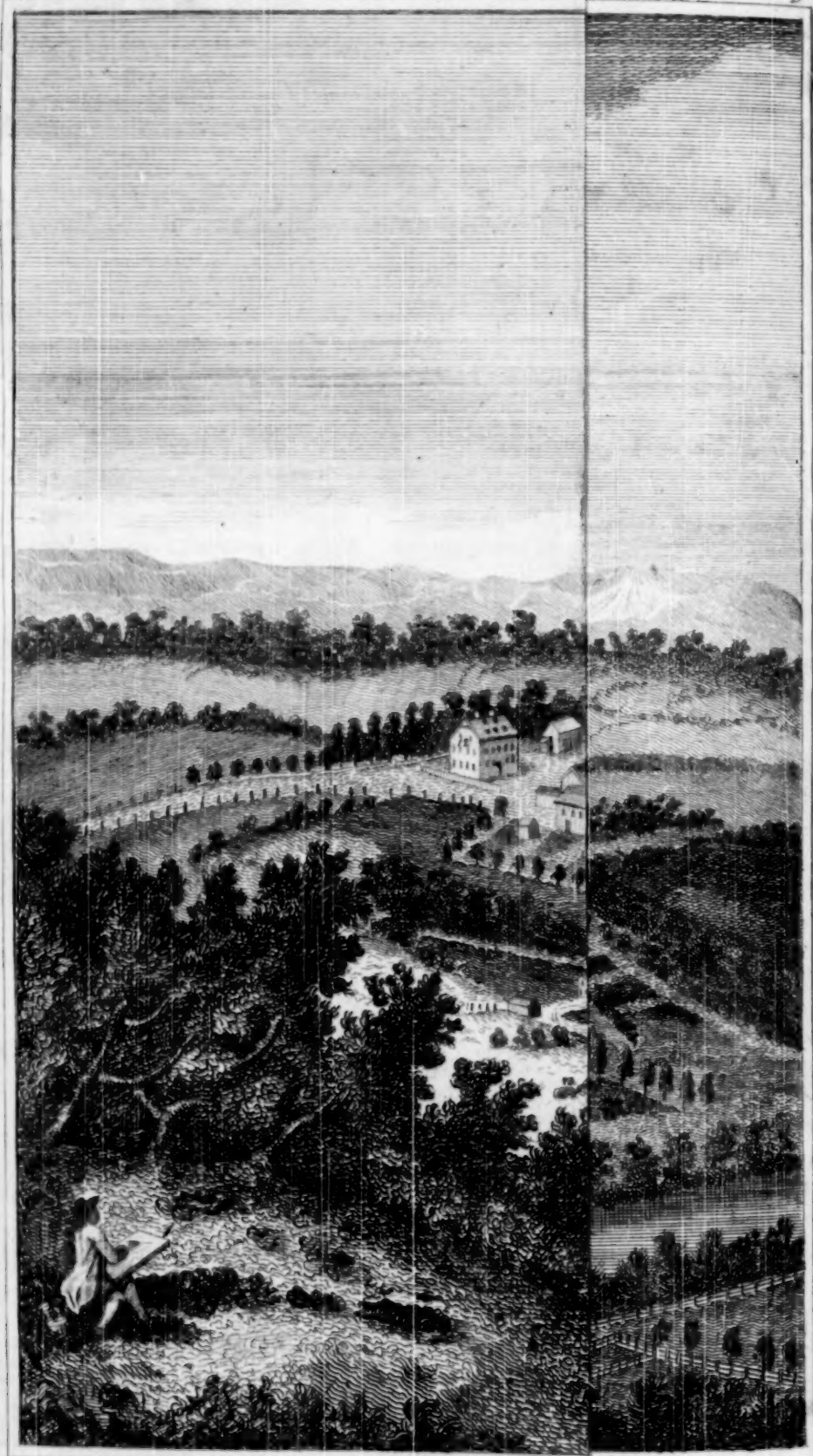
NOBODY but a blockhead man of the world presently comprehend and knows to a moment the time it him at a distance.

If we were seriously to consider how we generally are in ordinary conversation speak or to life

The spirit have some who have some time with himself not love so to bation themselves, and entire not to med. The most delicate pleasure is that

It is both irreligious and shocking conversation, be it ever so uninteresting oaths. An honest man, who says yes character swears for him, gives cred body trust him.

He who is incessantly affirming, that and wishing that he may suffer all the



Engrav'd by S. Hill, Boston.

A View

T H E

# Massachusetts Magazine

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1793.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

**T**HE present plate exhibits a delightful view of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, the principal residence of the Moravian Society. The figures from number 1 to 17 inclusive, point to the following places. Number 1, Lehigh Mountain. No. 2, Lehigh river. No. 3, Brewery. No. 4, the Widow's house. No. 5, House for young Women. No. 6, Boarding school for Misses. No. 7, Congregation Hall. No. 8, School House for Boys. No. 9, Young Men's House. No. 10, Store House. No. 11, Farm Houses. No. 12, Tavern. No. 13, Grist Mill. No. 14 and 15, Tan Yards and Houses. No. 16, Oil Mill. No. 17, Water Works.

Those who are desirous of perusing a beautiful description of Bethlehem and its environs; with a particular account of the religious customs and social polity of the brethren, are referred to the *Massachusetts Magazine*, vol. 3, 1791, page 365, under the signature of *Constantia*.

## THOUGHTS ON SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

**N**OBODY but a blockhead proves tedious to a company. A man of the world presently comprehends, whether he ought to stay or go; and knows to a moment the time it is fit for him to leave those who wish him at a distance.

If we were seriously to consider how uninteresting, frivolous, and puerile we generally are in ordinary conversation, we would be ashamed both to speak or to listen, and perhaps condemn ourselves to a perpetual silence.

The spirit of polite conversation does not so much consist in shewing we have some wit, as in behaving in such a manner that others may think they have some themselves. He that goes out of your company well pleased with himself, and with his own parts, is perfectly pleased with you. Men do not love so much to admire others; but they are disposed to draw approbation themselves, and chuse not so much to be instructed as to be applauded. The most delicate pleasure is that of contriving to please others.

It is both irreligious and shocking to support all we say in common conversation, be it ever so uninteresting, by much swearing and repeated oaths. An honest man, who says yes or no, deserves to be believed. His character swears for him, gives credit to what he says, and makes every body trust him.

He who is incessantly affirming, that he is a man of honour and integrity, and wishing that he may suffer all the evil he would do to others, and  
swearing



swearing to make you believe that he is sincere in such a wish, does not make a cunning use of the mask of honesty.

### CORSICAN ANECDOTE.

TWO grenadiers of the regiment of Flanders, in garrison at Ajaccio, deserted, and penetrating into the country inland, sought shelter from pursuit. Chance had brought their Colonel, who happened to be out a hunting, into the tract of the two grenadiers, who seeing him, ran into a swamp among the bushes. A shepherd had observed them, and with his finger pointed out their hiding place. The Colonel, who did not comprehend the sign he was making, asked him what he meant. The shepherd obstinately kept silence, but continued to direct him, with eyes and finger, to the bushes. At length, the people with him, went to the place so pointed out, and discovered the heads of the deserters who were up to their neck in the mud. These unfortunate men were instantly seized, carried to Ajaccio, tried by a court martial and condemned to be shot the next day. The sentence was executed. The shepherd, to whom the Colonel had given a gratuity of four *louis*, could not for joy keep it secret, and divulged his adventure. The shepherd's own family heard of it, and shuddered with horror. All his relations assembled, and decided that such a monster was not fit to live, as had dishonoured his country and family by receiving the price of the blood of two men, innocent, at least, as to him. They sought him out, seized him, and led him to just under the walls of Ajaccio. There, having provided him a Priest to confess him, they shot him, without further ceremony, much in the same manner, and about the same time, as the French had shot their two deserters. After the execution, they put the four *louis* into the hands of the priest, whom they commissioned to return them to the Colonel. "Tell him, said they, we should think we polluted our hands and souls, were we to keep these wages of iniquity. None of our nation will touch this money."

### CHARACTER OF SOCRATES.

"SOCRATES was not less distinguished by his modesty than by his wisdom. His discourses betray no marks of arrogance or vanity. He proposed to know only this, that he knew nothing." In this declaration, which he frequently repeated, he had no other intention, than to convince his hearers of the narrow limits of the human understanding. Nothing was farther from his thoughts, than to encourage universal scepticism: on moral subjects, he expressed himself with confidence and decision: but he was desirous of exposing to contempt the arrogance of those pretenders to science, who would acknowledge themselves ignorant of nothing. The truth was, that Socrates, though eminently furnished, as we have already seen, with every kind of learning, preferred moral to speculative wisdom. Convinced that philosophy is valuable, not as it furnishes questions for the schools, but



but as it provides men with a law of life, he censured his predecessors for spending all their time in abstruse researches into nature, and taking no pains to render themselves useful to mankind. His favourite maxim was; whatever is above us, doth not concern us. He estimated the value of knowledge by its utility, and recommended the study of geometry, astronomy, and other sciences, only so far as they admit of a practical application to the purposes of human life. His great object, in all his conferences and discourses, was to lead men into an acquaintance with themselves; to convince them of their follies and vices; to inspire them with the love of virtue; and to furnish them with useful moral instructions. Cicero might, therefore, very justly say of Socrates, that he was the first who called down philosophy from heaven to earth, and introduced her into the publick walks and domestick retirements of men, that she might instruct them concerning life and manners.



### THE GENEROUS EGYPTIAN.

**A**N incendiary having one night set fire to the principal mosque of Cairo, the Mussulmen made no scruple to lay the crime to the charge of the Christians; and without examining whether so grievous an imputation was well founded or not, a great multitude of the younger part of the inhabitants gathered together, assaulted the quarter of the Christians, and set their houses in flames by way of reprisal.

Such an excess as this certainly deserved an exemplary punishment. The governour ordered all those concerned in it to be seized immediately; he judged that their crime deserved a capital punishment; but when he considered their number, he could not prevail on himself to make a sacrifice of so many young persons, who had been led into the commission of this crime, rather by the fire of youth than by any malicious intention.

He ordered therefore an urn to be brought, in which were put as many billets as there were criminals; a small number of these were inscribed for the sentence of death to such as drew them, and all the rest who drew the others, were only condemned to be scourged with rods.

After all the criminals had drawn their lots out of the fatal urn, one who had received his condemnation, exclaimed in a most sorrowful tone: "I regret not the loss of my life but as it concerns my parents, who are now bending beneath the weight of old age and of misery: How, alas! can they sustain themselves without my needful succour and assistance?"

One of those who had drawn a favourable lot overhearing this, said to him who thus sorrowfully exclaimed: Friend, behold here one who has neither father nor mother to regret his loss... My life is of no consequence to any who shall survive me. Give me your lot, and in exchange you are freely welcome to mine."

Such an astonishing sacrifice excited the praise and admiration of all who were present, and the Governour, who possessed the feelings of humanity, generously pardoned both the criminals on the spot.

## LIFE of NICAULE, QUEEN of SHEBA.

**NICAULE**, or the queen of Sheba. This is the name that Josephus gives to the queen of Sheba, who came to visit Solomon, and to try if his wisdom was equal to the report she had heard of it. Josephus will have it, that this princess was queen both of Egypt and Ethiopia, and cites Herodotus as speaking of queen Nicaule. But Herodotus speaks only of Niconis queen of Egypt, and not of Nicaule, nor does he say any thing of her pretended journey to Jerusalem. We shall relate here what the Scripture informs us concerning the queen of Sheba, without deciding whether she was called Nicaule, as Josephus pretends. The fame of Solomon's wisdom being spread into every country, the queen of Sheba, or, as Jesus Christ calls her in the gospel, *the queen of the South*, came to make him a visit. She was probably queen of that part of Arabia Felix, which was inhabited by the Sabeans, where women were admitted to govern.

This queen came to make a trial of Solomon's wisdom by riddles and enigmatical questions, which were then usually discussed by those who were called wise men. She arrived at Jerusalem with an equipage suitable to her dignity. She brought with her a great quantity of spices, gold, and precious stones; and being introduced to Solomon, she proposed to him whatever she had conceived in her mind. Solomon satisfied her in all her enquiries.

For other particulars, in relation to what passed between king Solomon and this princess, we refer the reader to 1 Kings x, and 2 Chronicles ix. To these Josephus adds several other circumstances, which it is probable he had from the traditions of the Jews.

This historian says, that Nicaule, queen of Egypt and Ethiopia, induced by the report of Solomon's wisdom, came to Jerusalem, with a magnificent retinue. She proposed to the king several difficult questions, in which he gave her immediate satisfaction, with great facility. The sumptuousness of his palace, called the forest of Lebanon, the exact order, the neatness and magnificence with which he was served at table, the pomp and majesty which shone forth in the temple, and the rest of his grandeur, filled her with astonishment. He adds, that she made him a present of twenty talents of gold, (the Scripture says six score) and that she gave him the plant of balm which is so valuable, and which afterwards became so famous in Judea.

Michael Glycas says, that one of the means used by this queen to prove the wisdom of Solomon, was, to dress up young children in the same manner, both boys and girls, and present them to Solomon, to try if he could distinguish them at sight. The king bade them wash their faces; and thus distinguished the boys by their robust manner in doing it, and the girls by performing it delicately and effeminately.

The Ethiopians think the queen of Sheba was of their country, and that she returned pregnant of a boy by Solomon. When this child was of an age to learn, she sent him to Solomon to be instructed, who brought him up as his son. He took great care of him, provided the ablest masters for him, and then sent him back to his mother, to whom he succeeded in the kingdom. The kings of Ethiopia pretend to be descended from

from Solomon by this prince, whom they call Menilchee\* or Meilie; and they reckoned four and twenty emperors of this family, down to Basilides, who reigned about the middle of the seventeenth age.

The Arabians give the name of Balkis to the queen of Sheba, who came to visit Solomon. They say she was queen of Arabia, of the posterity of Jarab son of Coathan, and that she reigned in the city of Mareb, the capital of the province of Sheba. Her father was Hudhad, son of Scharhabil, the 20th King of Jemen, or Arabia Felix. The history of those people is full of the actions and fabulous stories concerning the story of the prince's to Solomon's court; as also concerning the bird Hudhad, which we call a lapwing, which they say, Solomon made use of to perform journeys into Arabia, and to bring him dispatches from thence.

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### ANECDOTES OF JONAS HANWAY, ESQ.

IN one of Mr. Hanway's walks, in the neighbourhood of Park lane, he was met by a man much inebriated, who approached him in so irregular a direction, that it might have been concluded he had business on both sides the way. Mr. Hanway stopped when he came up to him, to give him his choice which he would take; but the man stood as still as his intoxication would permit, without attempting to pass on either side. After viewing each other a moment, says Mr. Hanway, "My friend, you seem as if you had rather drank too much;" to which the man replied, "You seem as if you had ate too little."

He never took any of his servants from the recommendation of his friends, but commonly advertised for them, appointing their applications to be left at some tavern. One advertisement for a cook was answered by more than a hundred letters, and he directed his clerk to request the attendance of about a fourth part of this number on different hours next day, which he dedicated to this business; but by an unlucky mistake, they were all appointed to come at the same hour; and at noon, on a hot day, in the midst of summer, were seen upwards of twenty cooks, parading the square, broiling in the sun, inquiring for Mr. A. B. and attended by several hundred spectators.

Mr. Hanway, at another time, had hired a coachman, and was telling him the duty he required, concluding, "You will attend with the rest of my family every evening at prayers."—"Prayers, Sir!" says the descendant of Jehu. "Why, did you never say your prayers?" asked Mr. Hanway. "I have never lived in a praying family."—"But have you any objection to say your prayers?"—"No, Sir; I have no objection; I hope you will consider it in my wages."

During the progress of Mr. Hanway's exertions in favour of chimney sweepers, he addressed a little urchin, after he had swept a chimney in his own house; "Suppose now I give you a shilling."—"God Almighty bless your honour, and thank you?"—"And what if I give you a fine tie wig to wear on Mayday, which is just at hand?"—"Ah, bless your honour! my master won't let me go out on Mayday."—"No! why not?"—"He says it is *low life*."

REMARKS



## REMARKS ON TEMPERANCE.

**T**EMPERANCE is no less conducive of health to the mind than to the body ; it is as necessary for the one as the other, and of great concern to both ; a turbulent temper, a furious ungovernable passion, is a disease of the mind as troublesome as the gout to the body, and as difficult of cure perhaps, though the malady may be better understood ; however, it is sure to act as a continual ferment, it gives an unpleasant appearance to every action, and to others an unhappy, though deserved advantage over him.

The temperate man, is indeed a most amiable character, and one who maintains a kind of superiority over all others ; cool and collected, he has at all times the command of himself ; by care and due restraint, his body punctually observes, and easily performs, the law of its nature ; his mind sees clearly its several duties, and has the power to execute them and avail itself of every advantage ; he knows none of those remonstrating pains, none of the bitter reflections which excess leave behind ; no reproach can touch his behaviour, nor severity apply to his conduct, but he holds himself, if not free from foible and frailty, yet above indiscretion and every vice. Knowledge is his favourite pursuit, and virtue the employment of his time ; if at any time his body is indisposed, the cause of it arose not through want of due care ; if his mind is disturbed it is more by imperfection or another's folly than his own ; and if he is warm, it is not to injure, but a warmth in the welfare of mankind.



## HINTS ON CONVERSATION.

**T**ROUBLE not the company with your own private concerns, as you do not love to be troubled with those of others. Your's are as little to them, as their's are to you. You will need no other rule whereby to judge of this matter.

Contrive, but with dexterity and propriety, that each person may have an opportunity of discoursing of the subject with which he is best acquainted. He will be pleased, and you will be informed. By observing this rule, every one has it in his power to assist in rendering conversation agreeable ; since, though he may not choose or be qualified, to say much himself, he can propose questions to those who are able to answer them.

Avoid stories, unless short, pointed, and quite *a propos*. He who deals in them, says Swift, must either have a very large stock, or a good memory, or must often change his company. Some have a set of them strung together like onions ; they take possession of the conversation by an early introduction of one ; and then you must have the whole rope ; and there is an end of every thing else, perhaps for that meeting, though you may have heard all twenty times before.





thou hast inhaled the streams which have issued from so poisonous a fountain; but again, from a number of choice sentiments, which thou hast occasionally interspersed, I am led to suppose that thou lookest upon thyself as a responsible being, that thou conceivest thyself accountable for thy actions, and that thou rationally concludest, that thou shalt receive a reward, according to the deeds done in the body. Thus am I continually tossed about in my opinion concerning thee; and thus am I induced to ask thee two important questions. What dost thou think of the final state of mankind? What are thy sentiments of Jesus Christ, and his redemption? I hope, friend Vigellius, that thou wilt excuse this plainness of speech, and that thou wilt not fail to number, among thy sincere well wishers, and faithful friends,

ZEPHANIAH DOUBTFUL.

AS a general answer to friend Doubtful, it may be sufficient to say, that the Gleaner aspires not to the dignified chair of the theologician, that whatever are his sentiments, he hath entire complacency therein; that he is content with proposing them to the reason of his family, without parading them to publick view, or enforcing them upon any one. Yet, thus called upon, though he doth not propose himself as a sectarian, and though upon this occasion, he may not avow the creed of the christian universalist; he yet craves the indulgence of his readers, while he takes leave to hazard a few remarks. I am free to own, notwithstanding the despotism of tradition, the prejudices of education, and the predominating sway of revered opinions, that I cannot help regarding that plan as the most eligible, which represents the father of eternity, as benignantly planning, before all worlds, the career of a race of beings, who, however they were immersed in ills, and from the various vicissitudes of time, plunged in a series of misfortunes, were destined, nevertheless, to progress on to a state of never ending felicity.—Jehovah, while thus employed, appears augustly good as well as augustly great, and every faculty of the mind rejoiceth to adore the paternal Deity. We hesitate not to combine in our ideas of the great First Cause, with an unrivalled sovereignty of power, that unerring prescience, which indeed seems truly necessary to infinite wisdom, and the fullness of the godhead. Would it not be impious to suppose the creator, originating the vast designs of creation, with a disposition unpropitious to the well being of his creatures? Would it not be most absurdly irreverent to represent the creature as independent of the power which had formed him, and as unexpectedly escaping from the orbit, in which he was placed? Would it not be blasphemous to arm him with strength sufficient to frustrate the benevolent purposes which primarily gave him existence? Is not that conjecture highly irrational, which renders him capable of obtaining the knowledge of good, and evil, without the permission of that omnipotent father of universal nature, who had moulded him agreeably to his own designation, who had shaped for him his little part, who had commanded him into being, who could make him whatever he pleased, and who could in a single moment, recal the animating breath of life, which he is said to have breathed into him? I can easily reconcile, with the arrangements

rangements of equity, allotments which may be clouded with misery, through the lengthning period of many revolving years; provided that the horizon at length brightens upon us, and we are finally presented with a happy termination. The soul of man is indeed capacious, it can inhale in one luxuriant moment, such large draughts of divine enjoyments, as may in effect, obliterate the painful remembrance of calamitous centuries; and, in a future destination, we may awake only to the sacred rapture of corrected pleasures; nor do I know that sentiments of this complexion, are unfriendly to the interests of virtue; for, besides the oft cited observation, that rectitude insures its own reward, and that a state of suffering must ever be considered as an appendage to vice; there is a view in which we may still be regarded as probationers, as accountable beings, and rewards and punishments must ever remain in the hands of our common father.

Methinks that system, which bounding the salutary operations of Deity, confines his gracious interference to an *elect* few, while the many are *condemned to perdition*, and which considers this awful decree as irreversible, looks with a much more unfavourable aspect upon the moral walk, than the desounced sentiments of the Universalist, since it as effectually destroys every exertion to obtain the prize of future beatification, for the immutable determination of Jehovah hath unalterably fixed the destiny of every candidate. This discriminating plan, while it merits in a high degree, the accusation of unwarrantable partiality; the most reprehensible characters, not seldom becoming the objects of its predilection; throws open at the same time, the wildly terrific gates of despair. It is moreover the parent of schism, and it invests the arrogant mind with every incentive to pride, and undue self estimation, authorizing the supposed privileged being to believe, that the eternal difference which must of necessity forever exist, between himself, and the greater part of his fellow mortals, may justify proceedings against them; for which a jury of philanthropy, would find him guilty of high treason against the Rights of Man.

Methinks the hypothesis, which is ever goading us to the performance of duty, by threats of the uplifted lash, is not a little derogatory to the dignity of our nature. Generosity, and gratitude, are plants which I wish to see cultivated in the soil of humanity. I would wish to see persons profelyted to the *beauty of virtue*; I would wish to see them in *reality sensible of the charms of a regular and meritorious life*; in one word, I would wish to see them *embrace innate goodness, merely for the sake of its intrinsic worth*. I remember, some fifteen, or sixteen years since, being on a visit to a friend in the capital of the state of Rhode Island, that chance threw me one evening, into a company, in which a certain transatlantick preacher, well known for the liberality of his sentiments, made no inconsiderable figure; this gentleman did at that time, and I am told that he still continues to attract much attention in the religious world. Perhaps he may justly be styled the father of the Universalists in this country; and however censurable I may be deemed, I freely confess that I was not, upon the occasion adverted too, displeased.



displeased at his ideas. Among other curious anecdotes, and observations, which constituted his quota of the conversation, he produced a dream, which made no small impression upon my mind; whether he himself was favoured with this nocturnal vision, or whether it was the privilege of a friend, I do not recollect; nor is it of importance to determine. —Its outlines were as follows; sleep had spread over the closed eyelids, its sombre veil, and the illimitable region of fancy, became illumined by a prodigious variety of lustres; myriads of winged beings seemed to flit around; now, the Empress of the slumbering hour, crowded the scene with motley sketches of every object, which a teeming imagination could devise; and, anon, as if solicitous to vary the entertainment of the night, a splendid solitude gradually pervading, extended itself around. It was at this moment that an interesting form, robed in spotless white, and moving with inexpressible velocity, presented herself before the sleeper: Dignity was inscribed on her very mien, her aspect was majestick, and every look became expressive of some important designation; in her right hand she grasped a blazing torch, and in her left she bore a transparent vate, which constantly issuing a copious stream, seemed to possess the properties of a living spring; hastening along, with inconceivable rapidity, she pressed forward, and it was with difficulty that he detained her while he humbly requested information respecting the nature of her office, and employ; briefly, she replied, “Know inquisitive mortal, that commissioned by the ancient of days, I go forth, with this flaming torch, to light up a conflagration which shall consume the heaven of heavens, while the exhaustless fountain in my left hand, shall pour forth a flood, whose waters shall utterly extinguish the devouring fires of tartarean hell; and, know also, that when my mission is accomplished, then will the era be produced, in the which our God shall recognize *some disinterestedly sincere worshippers.*” The consternation, produced by this astonishing piece of information, dispelled the somnifick influence of the drowsy goddess, and the reflections which it originated in his bosom, must occur to every serious mind. I have been amazed when I have listened to the declarations of those, who have protested, that if a state of retribution was not in reserve, they would embark, with a full sail, upon what they have termed the ocean of unlicensed pleasure, and that they would take in large draughts of illicit gratifications!—Surely such persons have never yet awakened to the best enjoyments of life, are yet to receive the perceptions, which alone can entitle them to a rank, among the dignified order of rational beings. Independent of every future consideration, how serenely rolls on the days of that individual, who is solicitous to employ his time, his talents, and his abilities of every description, in a manner calculated to do honour to himself, and to conduce to the best interests of his fellow mortals. View the well regulated family; no sooner do their eyelids unclothe, than their grateful orisons, spontaneously, and individually, ascend the vaulted skies; with the first uprising of the orient beam, they are assembled in the neatly furnished parlour, where, from the sacred oracles, a portion for their improvement, and consolation, is selected; where their common teacher, in words



words fitly chosen, energetick, and concise, and in a manly and endearing tone of voice, offers up their united, and early thanksgivings, supplications and praise, to the universal sire of angels and of men. This separate, and collected intercourse with heaven, will constitute them reciprocal guards upon themselves, and each other; they will be cautious of offending; their words and their actions they will consider, and they will be anxious to conduct, as persons privileged by a frequent access to the sovereign disposer of events. The domestick departments will be filled in an allotted, and regular manner; the affairs of the household will go smoothly forward; the individuals will reciprocally assist each other, and benignant order, with affectionate harmony, will preside among them. They will look abroad, and finding a complacency in communicating good, they will feel it their interest, as well as their duty, to relieve, to soothe, to succour, and to support, to the utmost of their ability, the suffering sons and daughters of men; and while thus engaged in mitigating foreign woes, in extending the extricating hand, they will find that the blessings of heaven born peace have become natal in their bosoms; in the varied and interesting offices of social life, they will cheerfully engage; they are apprized of what their characters in life demand of them, and the happiness of their extensive connexions; they are careful to promote; as members of the community, they will discharge with propriety their parts, and they will ever reflect the highest honor upon their country. When they are overtaken by the unavoidable calamities incident to the present mode of existence, in every affliction, they will naturally pour out their spirits in prayer; this is a privilege which will meliorate their sufferings, and accustomed to address the great origin of being, with alacrity they will hasten to the throne of grace. Whatever may be their employments, or amusements, in the course of the day, or during the closing evenings, being careful to combine innocence withal—they will gladly turn from every inferior, or trivial pursuit, and when the empire of night is commencing, they will reassemble in the peaceful apartment, that will be thus consecrated, and by the mouth of their revered head they will perform the evening prostrations of their devoted spirits, worshipping with sincere hearts, enumerating the multiplied blessings of the day, and offering up their mingling hallelujahs, thanksgivings, and adorations. Their errors, of whatever nature, they will deplore; with contrite hearts, but with child like dispositions, they will approach, and they will be confident that their august Father, who pitieth their infirmities, bendeth to their supplications a gracious ear: Calm, grateful, and disburthened of their heaviest load, they will retire to present their separate ejaculations, and they will commit themselves to the slumbers of the pillow, with heart felt tranquillity. The theme is copious; I have rapidly hurried along; I could dwell untired upon the charms, and the unquestionable utility, attendant upon the present hours of an unoffending, and useful life—But the fear that I may again exceed the pages, with which I am indulged by the obliging Editors of the Magazine, forbids my expatiating further.

VALEDICTORY

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## VALEDICTORY BENEDICTION.

BY PROFESSOR HOWALL.

*Delivered at the Commencement of RHODE ISLAND College, September, 1792.*

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

THE patrons of this College have to close their particular care of your education with a few words of advice and caution. The custom of pronouncing benedictions on young people, by their Instructors and Fathers, is very ancient. The History of the Patriarchs furnishes no instance more striking than that of Isaac taking leave of his son Jacob. When Jacob had arrived to manhood and was to depart from Beersheba "Isaac called Jacob and blessed him, and charged him and said unto him—"God Almighty bless thee and make thee fruitful and multiply thee, that thou mayest be a multitude of people, and give thee the blessing of Abraham, to thee and to thy seed with thee; that thou mayest inherit the land wherein thou art a stranger, which God gave unto Abraham—and Isaac sent away Jacob." The conduct of Jacob was worthy of such a father. On leaving his father's house, his obedient steps are directed to Padanaharam. In this journey, in the wilderness, while his head is reclined for sleep on pillows of stones—the God of his Fathers appears to him in a vision of the night—a ladder from earth to heaven—let not grief overcome thee Jacob—though left to shift for thyself in the world—though driven from thy father's house by the hatred of a murderous brother—behold a passage to the house of thy heavenly father. "I am the Lord God of Abraham thy Father, and the God of Isaac, the land whereon thou liest to thee will I give it and to thy seed—and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the West and to the East—to the North and to the South: And in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed—and behold I am with thee." Let the modesty as well as piety of Jacob on this occasion, be an example to you. After all these promises and flattering views of earthly riches, power and splendour—his heart was not elate; nor was his ambition inflamed. Here is his vow, the sum of his desires. "If God will be with me, a sense of God's presence is the first object of his heart, "and will keep me in this way that I go," mark his trust in a particular providence "and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on"—how amiable his moderation!—"then shall the Lord be my God." If you wish for the prosperity of Jacob in future life, this day take on yourselves Jacob's vow.

Whether you look through the different ages of the world, or the different countries in the present age, you will readily acknowledge the superiority of your condition. In what age did learning and the useful arts of life ever arrive at greater perfection, what country ever enjoyed happier climates or a better civil constitution and government? Yield prompt obedience, therefore, to the laws, and be ever ready to defend against the enemies of our government and dear country. Yet consider not yourselves merely as citizens of the United States, but of the world—let no climate, or colour, engross your

your benevolence ; let none, who are capable of enjoying happiness, be denied the means of obtaining it.

Your country is ready with open arms to receive you—its theatre is spacious. It needs your services and will reward your enterprize. In no part of the world are honour and preferment more certainly the rewards of merit.

Reverence yourselves—a good name is better than precious ointment—your characters are the result of the impression that your whole conduct makes on others ; and, therefore, more in your power, than in their's. Calamny, unfounded, recoils on the head of the publisher. Avoid discovering the superiority of your talents unnecessarily—the man who feels the weight of them will become your enemy. Hurt not the pride of others ; rather let them take the credit of your achievements. As carefully avoid making to yourselves enemies, as you labour to increase, or to secure the circle of your friends ; for the industry of the former to injure you, will not fall short of that of the latter to serve you.

The least one says in favor of himself is too much ; when the author of a good deed has praised himself for it, others consider themselves discharged from that duty. Popularity and esteem are like an echo, never to be overtaken by pursuit, but serve to follow the deserving.

Wise and good men are better pleased to learn your esteem of them from your actions than from your words. The man who flatters you, suspect of a design to carry some point with you, before facts may verify his professions. "*Though he speak you fair, believe him not, for there are seven abominations in his heart.*" Speak evil of no man ; but "*bridle your tongue.*" There is much less difference between the thoughts, than words, of wise men and fools : The former ponder their thoughts ; but a "*fool's bolt is soon shot.*" You will much oftener repent of having spoken, than of having kept silence. It is better to seem ignorant of the faults of others than to hazard the charge of slander. The habit of contradicting and censuring is odious. Even among your domesticks and dependants let it not be done wantonly. Care and pains in giving directions before hand will often save you from the occasion of complaining after your work is done.

To administer private admonition may be a christian duty ; but the publication of scandal is generally ascribed to ill will. Even the law of Moses required the Jews to bring back the stray ox, or ass, of an enemy ; but the laws of Christ require you to love your enemy.

Harbour not in your minds malice or revenge ; the baser passions are indeed mischievous to society in general, but most so to those who indulge them : While the sunshine of benevolence, by cheering and enlivening those with whom we converse, is reflected with double force on our own mind. It is a happy temper to be willing to forgive much more than we have occasion to have forgiven by others.

The sociability of our nature is highly promotive of our happiness : But is to be indulged with caution ; man is an imitative animal ; we readily catch the manners of our associates. Therefore, before you select a companion, ask yourself this question—Do I wish to become like him ? If your answer is in the negative, avoid his company. When a man depreciates



himself by associating with low and vicious company, let him not complain that the world holds him cheap : For a man's estimation is in the first instance rated by himself.

The formation and powers, both of body and mind, evince that we were calculated for business. Those countries, where nature supplies the wants of men almost spontaneously, are not on that account the most desirable ; nor is a life of affluence always the most happy. That our happiness lies more in pursuit than in the completion of our desires, is an observation founded on experience : Yet such is our nature that unless compelled by necessity, or allured by prospects of advancement, we sink into indolence. Industry alone can secure to us that greatest of earthly enjoyments, *health*, while it guards us against the seduction of leisure. Consider how much life may be amplified by retrenching from the time usefully allotted for sleep, for meals and for unnecessary recreations and amusements—how much by order, punctuality and economy in all our affairs.

Let me intreat you not to suffer the business or amusements of life to banish from your minds this solemn thought—that the curtain of time will soon drop ; and, that death will close our eyes on all these golden visions—we must go "*the destined journey*" to the land of darkness "*from whose awful bourne no traveller returns.*" The mind of man was made for immortality ; it will burst the bounds of this prison house and soar aloft among kindred spirits. This thought may teach you to put a proper estimate on things. Then shall it leave behind all fancied riches, while only its true and real treasure, its virtue, shall accompany it to the throne of God.

Philosophy has taught you, that this beautiful fabrick, the universe, is the workmanship of Deity ; that moral obligation is the necessary result of our relation to him and to one another ; that by his constitution of nature, virtue and happiness, vice and misery, must inseparably be connected ; and your own experience and reflection must have fixed in your minds this sad truth, that by some means or other human nature is, at present, in a wretched state of apostacy. But in vain do we look to philosophy for relief. The wisest among the ancients, guided only by the sight of nature, could arrive at no satisfactory evidence of the pardon of sin ; or of the means whereby transgressors could be restored to favour ; they had no clear evidence of, or certain ground whereon to hope for a blessed immortality.

Revelation steps into the aid of philosophy and resolves our doubts, it holds up to the view of our faith the blessed son of God "*manifest in the flesh*"—obeying the divine law and suffering its penalties in our stead ; rising from the dead and ascending to glory—it assures us of the atoning power of his blood ; and allures us to virtue by his bright example ; while the blessed spirit applies the purchased redemption to all the heirs of life. The repentance which the gospel requires—the views it exhibits of the excellency and immutability of the divine law, and of the amiableness of the divine nature, lay the secret foundation for obedience and perseverance to life eternal. But I feel my insufficiency for this theme.

I remember



I remember the day, in my early youth, and long will the impression remain on my mind, when that excellent man, who lately filled this desk, perceiving me thoughtful, spoke to me of the religion of Christ, which he had then recently begun to preach. Being the next day to take a journey, he asked me to walk with him. Methinks, said he, "I long to take you by the hand and lead you to Jesus." The way we took, is still fresh in my mind; the discourse he held; his solicitude for me; his zeal to promote the redeemer's cause. With the recollection of this tender scene, in particular, and of others in which I experienced his friendship for many years, permit me to sympathize with you, young gentlemen, in the loss of such an instructor and such a friend.

Let me not open again and cause to bleed afresh the wounds occasioned by his death; but the sad remembrance takes full possession of my soul. Early on the morning of the Lord's day; rising from solemn devotion to Almighty God; smitten with an apoplexy; he fell—and in a few days sunk in death—O what a fall was there, when Manning fell—how is the mighty fallen—the beauty of Israel—the gentle, the humane, the pious Manning is on earth no more. Ye sons of the college, weep over his tomb—'tis an annual tribute due to his memory.—Convinced I am that the solemn and affecting scene made deep and lasting impressions on your minds; but when you indulge your grief for his death—recollect his life, his manners, his labours, his instruction and admonition, and especially the zeal with which he preached the gospel of our saviour. In what glowing colours did he paint the love of God to a lost world; the sufferings of our saviour, the communion of saints on earth, and the joys of the heavenly world—the paradise of God—where charity forbids us to doubt that he now shines as a star of the first magnitude.

This college is, like Samuel of old, a child of prayer. It was intended for a school of the sons of the prophets. Already have its patrons seen streams issuing hence which have gladdened the church, the city of God. While the place of your education shall live in your memory, and an esteem for its patrons, cherish in your hearts a veneration for revealed religion—a love for the bible. They have stood the test of ages. I well know, having myself seen something of the world, that your virtues are soon to be tried by the force of temptation, by the ridicule of wits and the banter of the profane—and unless supported by the grace of God, you may dishonour your friends and yourselves. To be under the dominion of reason is the glory of man; his happiness is that of the mind, and is sought for in vain, from any other source than that of piety and devotion. The knowledge of letters, of arts and sciences, of men and human life, is useful here; but its usefulness ceases at death, while the knowledge of religion will then shine brightest and last throughout our existence.

Let me therefore seriously request you to devote some part of every day to religious reflections and meditations. Cultivate a sense of the continual presence and perfections of God; of his particular providence; of the immortality of the soul; of the divine atonement for sin; of the necessity of

inherent and progressive sanctification in the soul, as well as of imputed righteousness. And be assured that the power and grace of your heavenly father will ever be ready to assist your weakness; to strengthen your faith, and to accomplish in you the work of redemption.

Never did an earthly parent watch the countenance and mark the features, to catch the first glance of attention from a beloved son, returning to a filial temper, with more steadiness or affectionate regard, than your heavenly father watches over you.

To his Holy protection I commit you,  
Young Gentlemen,

While I bid you,

FAREWELL.

### Roman Character.

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#### PORTRAIT OF CICERO.

CICERO appears to have been the last of the Romans who rose to the highest offices of state by the force of his personal character, and by the fair arts of a republican candidate for public honours. None of his ancestors having enjoyed any considerable preferments, he was upon this account considered as a new man, and with reluctance admitted by the nobility to a participation of honours. It was, however, impossible to prevent his advancement, so long as preferments were distributed according to the civil and political forms of the republic, which gave so large a scope to the industry, abilities, and genius of such men. Under these forms, all the virtues of a citizen were allowed to have some effect, and all the variety of useful qualifications were supposed to be united in forming a title to the confidence of the publick; the qualifications of a warrior were united with those of a statesman, and even the talents of a lawyer and barrister, with those of a senator and counsellor of state. The law required, that the same person should be a warrior and statesman, and it was at least expedient or customary that he should be also a barrister, in order to secure the publick favour, and to support his consideration with the people.

Cicero was by no means the first person at Rome, who with peculiar attention cultivated the talents of a pleader, and applied himself with ardour to literary studies. He is, nevertheless, universally acknowledged, by his proficiency in these studies, to have greatly excelled all those who went before him, so much, as to have attained the highest preferments in the commonwealth, without having quitted the gown, and to have made his first campaign in the capacity of a Roman Proconsul, and above ten years after he had already exercised the supreme executive power in the state.

To the novelty of this circumstance, as well as to the novelty of his family name in the list of officers of state, was owing some part of that obloquy which his enemies employed against him; and it may be admitted, that

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for a Roman he was too much a mere man of the robe, and that he possibly may have been less a statesman and a warrior, for having been so much a man of letters, and so accomplished a pleader.

Cicero, whether we suppose him to have been governed by original vanity, or by a habit of considering the world as a theatre for the display of his talents, and the acquisition of fame, more than as a scene of real affairs, in which objects of serious consequence to mankind were to be treated, was certainly too fond of applause, courted it as a principal object even in the fairest transactions of his life, and was too much dependent on the opinions of other men, to possess himself sufficiently amidst the difficulties which occur in the very arduous situation which fell to his lot. Though disposed, in the midst of a very corrupt age, to merit commendation by honest means, and by the support of good government, he could not endure reproach or censure, even from those whose disapprobation was a presumption of innocence and of merit; and he felt the unpopularity of his actions, even where he thought his conduct the most meritorious, with a degree of mortification which greatly distracted his mind, and shook his resolution. Being, towards the end of his life, by the almost total extirpation of the more respectable citizens and members of the senate, who had laboured with him for the preservation of the commonwealth, left in a situation which required the abilities of a great warrior, as well as those of the ablest statesman, and in which, even such abilities could not have stemmed the torrent which burst forth to overwhelm the republick, it is not surprising that he failed in the attempt.

Antony, at the same time that he gave orders for Cicero's death, gave directions that not only his head, but his right hand likewise, with which he had written so many severe invectives against himself, should be cut off, and brought to him as an evidence of the execution. The head of Cicero, accordingly, was received by him with the joy of victory; he gazed upon it with singular pleasure, and ordered it, together with the hand, to be exposed on the rostrum from which this respectable citizen had so often declaimed, and where these mangled parts of his body were now exposed to the view of a multitude that used to crowd to his audience. Fulvia too, the wife of Antony, received the bloody tokens with a savage avidity and pleasure, which, to those who judge of propriety from modern customs, or who form their opinions of the sex from the manners of modern times, will scarcely appear to be credible. When the head of Cicero was brought to her toilet, with a peculiar and spiteful allusion to the eloquence, by which she herself, as well as her present and former husband, had been galled, she is said to have forced open the jaw, and to have pricked and tore the tongue with the point of a bodkin which she took from her hair.

#### DESCRIPTION



## Natural History.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE CAMEL.

[From "HARRIS'S NATURAL HISTORY of the BIBLE," just published.]

**CAMEL.** An animal very common in Arabia, Judea, and the neighbouring countries. Its scripture name is *gamal*.

This genus of quadrupeds is characterized by wanting cutting teeth in the upper jaw ; having the upper lip divided in the same manner as hares ; having six cutting teeth in the lower jaw ; small hoofs ; and neither spurious hoofs, nor horns.

This animal is distinguished from the dromedary by having two protuberancies, or bunches of thick matted hair, on its back. Its height is six feet six inches. Its head is small : Its ears are short : Its neck long, slender, and bending. Its hoofs are in part, but not thoroughly, divided. The bottom of the foot is tough and pliant. The tail is long, and terminates in a tuft, also of considerable length. On the legs this animal has six callosities ; four on the fore legs, and two on the hinder. Besides another on the lower part of the breast. These are the parts on which it rests. Its hair is fine, soft, and of considerable length ; longest indeed upon the protuberances, the neck, and the throat. In the middle of the tuft terminating the tail, the hair is soft and fine : On the exterior parts coarse, and often black. On the protuberances it is dusky ; over the rest of the body of a reddish colour. Besides the same internal structure as other ruminating animals, the camel is furnished with an additional bag, which serves as a reservoir to contain a quantity of water, till it become necessary to quench his thirst, and macerate his food. At which time, by a simple contraction of certain muscles, he makes a part of this water ascend into his stomach, or even as high as the gullet. This singular construction enables him to travel six, eight, or even twelve days, in the sandy deserts, without drinking ; and to take at once a prodigious quantity of water, which remains in the reservoir pure and limpid, because neither the humors of the body, nor the juices that promote digestion, can have access to it.

The Arabian camel possesses the powers of sensation in high perfection. His eye is sufficiently acute. He is said to smell water at half a league's distance. His taste, indeed, is not very refined ; for he eats, with high satisfaction, thistles, acacia shrubs, and other insipid plants of a similar nature. His ear is not insensible to the power of musick. Even in his native climate, and in the best condition, he has a pitiful complaining aspect. His manners are gentle, peaceable, and submissive. The unruly horse submits to restraint and receives a rider or a burden with indignant impatience : But the camel kneels obligingly till his master loads him, or mounts upon his back. Though of a heavy and apparently unwieldy form, this animal moves with considerable speed. With a bale of goods on his back, an ordinary camel will travel a journey of many days at the rate of thirty miles a day.

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The passion of love exerts the same infuriating influence on this as on the other species of the animal creation. His negligence of food, his wild cries, the foam issuing from his mouth, and the restlessness of his motions, all indicate how violent is the impulse which he then feels. The female is a year pregnant; produces only one at a birth; and suckles her young for two years.

The Arabian merchants produce a mongrel race with the union of the dromedary and the camel, in whom the vigour of the one is united with the mild docility of the other.

Of all the animals which man has subjugated, the camel and the dromedary are the most abject slaves. With incredible patience and submission they traverse the burning sands of Africa and Arabia, carrying burdens of amazing weight. Instead of discovering symptoms of reluctance, they spontaneously lie down upon their knees till their master binds the unmerciful load. Both their constitution and structure agree to the barren soil and arid climate in which they are produced. The Arabians consider the camel as a gift sent from heaven, a sacred animal, without whose assistance they could neither subsist, traffick, nor travel. Its milk is their common food. They also eat its flesh. Of its hair, which is shed once a year, they make garments. From its urine, is extracted *sal ammoniac*; a considerable article of merchandise. And its excrements make a kind of turf which burns freely, and gives a flame as clear, and almost as lively as dry wood. No wonder then that the Arabians have, from the earliest ages, assiduously availed themselves of the services, this animal is qualified to afford. Six thousand camels were part of the immense wealth of the Patriarch Job.

In tracing the annals of remote antiquity, we cannot discover the period when camels existed only in a wild state. But so gentle an animal, would, the instant he became known to man, be subjected to his authority.

They are said to live forty or fifty years.

### Humorous.

#### ESSAY ON THE CHARITOMANIA.

IT has been remarked by an author of some humour, that at certain periods there is an epidemical madness which rages through a whole kingdom. In time of war, ideal victories and defeats alternately elevate and depress the spirits of the nation. In peace, the apprehension of war, the report of the plague, the dread of a mad dog, or of a comet, alternately fill every countenance with gloom, every heart with terror, and every tongue with lamentation and complaint.

The madness which prevails at present, is not, indeed, of the melancholy kind, but it is outrageous and universal. It owes its rise to a posthumous publication of Lord Chesterfield, which is generally read and admired.

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The *Graces* are there recommended in so forcible a manner, that every unlicked cub who can make out the meaning, is induced to affect all the finical airs of a fine gentleman. Clowns, pedants, jockeys, country squires, put off the stern virtue of their ancestors, and begin to rival each other in imitating the mincing step, and lisping voice, of a dancing master.

As this affection of the *Graces* is a new disorder, I shall take the liberty, with submission to the college of physicians, to give it a new name, and call it the *Charitomania*. The following is an essay on the cause, symptoms, and cure, of this alarming disease; which, I hope, will obtain at least equal attention with the medical cases which are so often presented to the publick by each self important Caledonian Hippocrates.

A young man, apprentice to a mercer, caught the *Charitomania*, by reading in a Magazine a few letters of Lord Chesterfield, concerning the art of pleasing. Before this accident, he was known to have spoken in a manly voice, and to have dressed with a decent plainness. But now he constantly wears his head powdered and perfumed, and his coat cut in the extreme of the fashion, speaks with a soft womanish accent, affects gallantry with his female customers, particularly married women, and assumes all the grimaces, attitudes, and airs, which form the complete *petit maitre*. Upon considering his case, I prescribed a grain of common sense, to be used in reflecting, that a behaviour which might become an Envoy Extraordinary at the court of Dresden, was ridiculous behind a counter.

A young divine was so terribly infected with the contagion, that from being perfectly plain in his external parts, on a sudden his fingers were covered with carbuncles, his hair changed colour, and smelt strongly, his legs turned to a dead white, the exterior covering of his head was contracted to a nut shell, and his whole appearance so wonderfully metamorphosed, that he neither knew nor was known by any of his former acquaintances. The disorder was attended with an usual symptom, an invincible *Pauperophobia*, which made him day and night seek the company of the rich and great, and fly from a poor christian brother as from a plague. In the pulpit, he was unable to turn his eyes upwards, but felt an irresistible inclination to ogle the female part of his congregation. I recommended to him, but I fear without effect, a little cool meditation every night when he went to bed, to be spent in ruminating, whether or not the beauty of holiness would not be a more becoming grace, than any of those inculcated by a graceless lordling.

A certain honest tradesman, who had followed the vocation of a tallow-chandler, from the age of fourteen to forty, being on a sudden enriched by a large legacy from a distant relation, who had not vouchsafed to know him while alive, was immediately seized with a most violent *Charitomania*. His body no longer emitted the odoriferous effluvia of tallow, but sent forth smells of perfume, which had never happened to him before in his life. The covering of his head, which was before a credible periwig, with a double row of curls behind, suddenly dropt off, and was succeeded by a boyish head of hair, with a tail thicker and longer than the thickest and longest

longest of his candles. He was soon overrun with a tribe of vermin called dancing masters, musick masters, and perruquiers. His disorder was attended with a loss of memory, and he entirely forgot all his acquaintance who used to meet at the inn club once a week. Instead of these, whom he no longer knew, he sought the company of wits and beaux, in the fashionable coffee houses. But what is remarkable in his case is, that though the symptoms were so violent and alarming, yet, instead of being received with condolence and sympathy, he was every where treated with contempt and laughter. After frequent prescriptions, which failed on account of the inveteracy of the disease, I gave him up as incurable.

Were I to enumerate all the cases of this disorder, which have fallen under my notice, I verily believe my work would consist of many volumes, folio. I shall therefore rest satisfied with having given such a short history of this terrible pestilence, as may tend in some measure to elucidate its cause, nature, and effects; and I shall, with a publick spirit unknown to my brother Quacks, communicate the following invaluable nostrum, which taken in time, is a sovereign remedy. "Let the patient administer to himself a small dose, consisting of a few grains of common sense, and a scruple of modesty, which will not fail to purge away all tumours arising from vanity"—or if the patient has not courage enough to be his own physician, let his friends apply a blister to the morbid part, made up of caustic ridicule.

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FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

### Dialogue.

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### THE DUELLISTS.

False is that honour, and deserves contempt,  
And pity too, which draws the murdering sword  
For mutual death.

EDWARD AND HENRY.

*Edward.*  
**H**ARRY, at your request, I meet you here,  
And ask an explanation.

*Henry.* My business with you is of such import  
As needs no prologue; I demand of you,  
In terms direct and unequivocal,  
To answer this: In this receptacle  
Of quarrel, scandal, personal abuse,  
You see this piece; it has been charg'd on you;  
This you must answer; is it your's or nay?

*Ed.* Sir, it is mine; I own the signature,  
And own the piece. If more you have to say,  
Proceed.

*Hen.* I next demand, as 'tis reported thus,  
Whether you aim'd at me?

*Ed.*



*Ed.* That I did write the piece, I have confess'd,  
 And still avow ; but that it was apply'd  
 By me to you, or any mortal else,  
 Who dares assert, asserts an impious lie.  
 If ought contain'd may be apply'd to you,  
 You may apply it ; if the saddle suits,  
 Then you may wear it ; 'tis alike with me,  
 Whether you, or any else perceive  
 In this, their features.

*Hen.* By various marks it plainly does appear  
 You aim'd at me ; you've touch'd a tender point,  
 I mean my honour ; you have fixt a stain,  
 Which blood, and only blood, or your's or mine,  
 Or of us both, has power to wash away.  
 With sword or pistol, choose you which you please,  
 With one or other you must meet me, sir,  
 Before we sleep.

*Ed.* Provide your weapon, choose your second, name  
 The time and place, and boasting hero, know,  
 I'll meet, and fight you.

*Hen.* Go, and prepare, and see you meet me here  
 At half past eight. [Exit Henry.]

*Ed. (alone)* Is this my courage then,  
 To start, and tremble at the harmless snap,  
 Of coachman's whip ; and does the thought alone  
 Of what is distant give me such alarm ?  
 Even my knees, 'tis truth, my trembling knees,  
 Spite of exertion, do each other smite,  
 And thro' my heart with more than usual speed  
 My blood now flutters ; am I coward then ?  
 Shame, honour, manhood, heaven forbid it ! no.  
 To be a coward—dastard—'tis too base !  
 Ne'er did I suffer, when my country's cause  
 Call'd me to battle to avenge her wrongs ;  
 Ne'er did I suffer at the sight of death  
 A joint to tremble. In the glorious field  
 I stood unmov'd before the cannon's mouth,  
 And heard its thunder. Why then tremble now ?  
 What then gave courage ? 'twas a righteous cause ;  
 A hope of glory and a deathless crown,  
 If then I fell. And what is now the cause ?  
 If good, why tremble ? If the cause be bad,  
 Why thus engag'd ? Some secret whisper says,  
 Forbear, forbear ! but ah ! it is too late.  
 The challenge given is accepted now ;  
 I can't go back ; alas, it is too late !

O heaven

O heaven direct me. Heaven, did I say?  
 Why call on heaven? Heaven I've renounc'd,  
 And all that's holy. Must I perish, then?  
 I may go back; while there is life, there's hope.  
 But this needs courage, having gone thus far,  
 Now to return, and dare be call'd a coward.  
 But this I will dare, and for once will show  
 That I have manhood; yes I will return;  
 Give back the challenge I have just accepted,  
 And let him strike, who dares. What tho' my life  
 For this be mark'd with infamy and scorn  
 By all that live? I know their keenest taunts  
 Cannot half equal the tormenting sting  
 Of conscience wounded. [Enter HENRY.]

*Hen.* You're come in time, but where's your second, sir?  
 And where your arms?

*Ed.* Second and arms I need not, let the cause  
 Be rather settled on some friendly terms,  
 Nor let us with presumptuous boldness dare  
 In mutual strife to strike a fatal blow,  
 Which endless ages never can retrieve.

*Hen.* Poor coward, dastard; poor faint hearted wretch!  
 Are you the man of honour, you the hero? No!  
 One half, one quarter of that finger's end  
 Is ten times larger, than your mighty heart.

*Ed.* Had I not reasons of eternal weight  
 To keep my temper, I confess I fear  
 You'd stand in danger; but you need not fear,  
 For I have vow'd to lay aside revenge,  
 And fly to reason. Call me what you please,  
 Dastard or coward, 'tis alike to me,  
 I well deserve it; I condemn myself  
 In terms severer than you can condemn,  
 For such a dastard, such a puny soul,  
 As thus to hear, to second and accept  
 Your mad proposal. 'Tis not courage, friend,  
 To dare Omnipotence, brave hell itself  
 And all its horrors; no, 'tis mad presumption.  
 True courage then, and only then appears,  
 When reason leads; 'tis never to be found  
 In rash adventures. Courage then is seen,  
 When noble souls to death or tortures yield  
 In virtue's cause. Nor can *that* honour be,  
 Which arms a friend with death against his friend,  
 In private quarrel. 'Tis a principle  
 Base as the fiend, and as the region foul,

From whom and whence it sprang. Its whole design,  
In Satan's hand, to thwart benevolence,  
And people hell. I tremble but to think  
How, a few moments since, upon the verge  
Of endless ruin, stooping o'er I stood,  
While just behind an evil demon came  
As black as night, preparing to attack,  
And hurl me down.

*Hen.* Edward, you've wrong'd me, and disgrac'd my name;  
I will not bear it. I demand a chance  
To clear my honour. Know, my heart is fixt  
On full revenge; I'll not withdraw a hair  
From this demand.

*Ed.* Go to the law; if there you find relief,  
'Tis well and good; whatever that will give,  
You're free to take.

*Hen.* You know the law is too much circumscrib'd  
To render justice in a case, like this.  
While strict to guard the liberty of speech,  
Such is the craft and artifice of men,  
It oft must wink at personal abuse.

*Ed.* I yield to law, nor fear its utmost rigor;  
But if by law you be not satisfi'd,  
And in your breast do harbour still revenge,  
And, like a dark assassin, blast my name,  
By false report, or even snatch my life;  
My life itself, and what is dearer still,  
My reputation, I do not refuse.  
But still, do what you can, one thing I know  
Is plac'd by God himself beyond your power,  
I have a conscience, which you cannot stain.  
If I deserve, and you may justly strike,  
Strike then this breast, plunge to the hilt that sword;  
Even this heart's blood shall flow without a groan,  
Till angry justice has her full demand.

*Hen.* Go, villain, scoundrel, if you will not give  
Full satisfaction in that only way,  
Which honour dictates, then be cautious, sir,  
Lest, unattended with an eye to witness,  
You feel the horsewhip; you may then to law,  
And get revenge, if thus it please you, sir.

*Ed.* That when assaulted we defend ourselves,  
Is nature's dictate, it is nature's law.  
Threat what you please, I never will thro' fear  
Take one step more or fewer to avoid you.  
If, ruffian like, you do but dare attack me,



It will be well, as you have call'd me coward,  
To prove me so. If then I fail a whit  
In resolution, call me coward still.

*Hen.* Edward, I ask, I wish for nothing from you,  
But what is *honour*; you must be convinc'd,  
If you but reason, that you've injur'd me;  
I only ask a frank acknowledgment  
Of the plain truth. If this you do refuse,  
And do withhold all other satisfaction,  
Seeing we've gone thus far, will not the world  
Call us both cowards? And pray who would live  
A laughing stock?

*Ed.* Is this your courage, thus afraid of sneers  
From feeble man? Afraid to bear in life  
A small disgrace, to be awhile the jest  
Of knaves and fools? How will you bear to meet  
Eternal vengeance; to be try'd and cast,  
And mark'd with infamy, with endless shame,  
Before assembled worlds, then sent to dwell  
'Midst the reproaches and the keenest taunts  
Of all the legions of apostate souls,  
That throng the mansions of eternal wo?  
I am not conscious of the least design  
To do you wrong; but this I own with shame,  
And own with sorrow, that I did too far  
Hear your proposal for the bloody deed  
Of mutual murder; but I now declare,  
(Nor earth, nor hell shall shake the firm resolve,  
While heaven shall smile) that with a fixed hate  
And soul abhorrence I'll detest the crime,  
The savage custom, which for base revenge,  
In private quarrel draws the murdering blade  
For mutual death.

*Hen.* Give me your hand, your firmness I admire;  
You have convinc'd me, that there is no need  
Of deeds presumptuous to unfold a soul  
Of real courage. Fortitude appears  
In reason's train; it is a barbarous mode,  
A false refinement, and a scheme absurd,  
Of modern honour, which would tell the world,  
That only duels can display the man.

My friend, my friend, you have preserved my life.  
Language is feeble; words cannot express  
The warm emotions of a grateful heart  
For such a kindness! O my bliss of life,  
My lovely Delia! was it not for this

My

My generous friend, and for his manly soul,  
 That dares be virtuous, was it not for this,  
 I might have fallen, and left you here to mourn  
 My shameful death; and while the waining moon  
 Sheds her pale light to trace the fields alone,  
 Mark, as you weep, the solitary stone,  
 And say, while o'er the rising sod you bend,  
 "Here murder'd lies my Henry and a friend!"

June 14th, 1793.

ZURICS.

### Foreign Biography.

#### THE LIFE OF MR. JOHN HENDERSON:

HE was born at Bellegarance, near Limerick, in the kingdom of Ireland, on the 27th of March 1757, of very pious and respectable parents. He received his education amongst the Methodists, and at eight years of age he understood Latin so well, as to be able to teach it at Kingwood school. At twelve, he taught the Greek language in the college of Trevecka, in Wales, to men, several of whom were double his age. The Governor of the College at that time was the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, late Vicar of Madely, a clergyman highly distinguished for the fervour of his piety and the liveliness of his imagination. Some disagreement taking place with this gentleman and those who had the superintendence of the College, he was dismissed, together with young Henderson, who soon after, at the age of twenty four years, went to Oxford, was entered of Pembroke college, and in due time took the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

From the time of his entrance into the college, his life passed with little variety and no adventure. His thirst after knowledge appears to have been unabated and unbounded; he was admired and generally respected; and he acquired habits, some of which brought him into the notice of the world almost as much as his talents. Some of these traits of character having been depicted by one who appears to have known him well, we shall give them in the words of their author.

His (*i. e.* Mr. Henderson's) temper was mild, placable, and humane. He possessed such a spirit of philanthropy, that he was ready to oblige every individual as far as lay in his power. His benevolence knew no bounds, and his liberality was so diffusive, that it submitted with difficulty to the circumscription of a narrow income. He was fond of society, and well qualified to shine in it. He was frank, open, and communicative, averse to suspicion, and untinged with pride and moroseness.

"His mode of life was singular. He generally retired to rest about day break, and rose in the afternoon; a practice, however, that was frequently interrupted by the occasional attendance which he was obliged to give to the morning service of the college chapel. He spent a great part of the day

day in smoking; and, except when in company, he usually read while he smoked. He had no objection to the liberal use of wine and spirituous liquors; and, notwithstanding his philosophic self denial in other respects, he did not always scrupulously adhere to the rules of temperance in this particular. But this failing, which he did not often practise, and which never led him into any glaring impropriety of conduct, was lost amidst the general blaze of merit and virtues with which his character was adorned.

"The following remarkable custom was frequently observed by him before he retired to repose: He used to strip himself naked as low as the waist, and taking his station at a pump near his rooms, would completely sluice his head and the upper part of his body; after which he would pump over his shirt so as to make it perfectly wet, and putting it on in that condition, would immediately go to bed. This he jocularly termed "an excellent cold bath." The latter part of this ceremony, however, he did not practise with such frequency as the former.

"His external appearance was as singular as his habits of life. He would never suffer his hair to be strewed with white dust (to use his own expression) daubed with pomatum, or distorted by the curling irons of the friseur. Though under two and thirty years of age at his death, he walked, when he appeared in publick, with as much apparent caution and solemnity as if he had been enfeebled by the cooperation of age and disease.

"With regard to his moral and religious character, he was a pattern highly worthy of imitation. He was, in the strict sense of the phrase, *integer vitæ scelerisque purus*. He shewed a constant regard to the obligations of honour and justice; and recommended, both by precept and example, an attention to moral rectitude in all its ramifications. He had the courage to reprove vice and immorality wherever they appeared; and though he was sometimes treated on these occasions with contumely and insult, he bore with a moderation truly christian so ill a return for his well meant endeavours. In his principles of religion he was orthodox, without being rigid. His devotion was fervent, without making too near an approach to enthusiasm or superstition. He was perfectly acquainted with the religious dogmas of every different sect, and could readily detect the respective fallacies of each. But however he might differ from these sectarists, he behaved to them on all occasions with great politeness and liberality, and conversed with them on the most amicable terms of general sociability.

"His abilities and understanding were eminently conspicuous. His penetration was so great as to have the appearance of intuition. So retentive was his memory, that he remembered whatever he learned; and this faculty of recollection, combined with a pregnancy of imagination and solidity of judgment, enabled him to acquire a surprising fund of erudition and argument; a fund ready at every call, and adequate to every emergency.

"His learning was deep and multifarious. He was admirably skilled in logic, ethics, metaphysics, and scholastic theology. Duns Scotus, Thomas Aquinas,



Aquinas, and Burgerſdicius, were authors with whom he was intimately converſant. He had ſtudied the healing art with particular attention, and added to a ſound theoretic knowledge of it ſome degree of practice. His ſkill in this art he rendered ſubſervient to his philanthropy; for he gratuitouſly attended the valetudinarian poor wherever he reſided, and favoured them with medical advice as well as pecuniary aſſiſtance. He had a competent knowledge of geometry, aſtronomy, and every branch of natural and experimental philoſophy. He was well acquainted with the civil and Canon laws, and the law of Nature and Nations. In claſſical learning and the belles lettres he was by no means deficient. He was maſter of the Greek and Latin tongues, as well as of ſeveral modern languages. He affected not elegance either in his Latin or Engliſh ſtyle; but was happy in a manly, perſpicuous, and forcible diction, which he preferred to the empty flow of harmonious periods. He was verſed in hiſtory, grammar, and rhetoric.

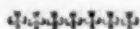
“He ſpoke of phyſiognomy as a ſcience, with all the confidence of a Lawyer. He pretended to a knowledge of the occult ſciences of Magic and Astrology. Whether this was or was not a mere pretence, I leave to the judgment of the enlightened reader. Suffice it to remark, that his library was well ſtored with the magical and aſtrological books of the laſt century.

“His talents of converſation were of ſo attractive a nature, ſo various and multiform, that he he was a companion equally acceptable to the philoſopher and the Man of the World, to the grave and the gay, the learned and the illiterate, the young and the old of both ſexes.”

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FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

THE Repository. No. XII.



THE baſis of chriſtianity is broad; its ſuperſtructure is noble, important, and comprehensive; it is conſiſtent with itſelf, with benevolence, and with its divine origin; its conſequences are worthy of Deity, they are *general*, and muſt *finally* prevail. Its true votaries, conceive that neither themſelves, nor their beſt actions, as they ſtand in relation to the God of rectitude, can in any ſort abide the teſt; they are ſatiſfied, in this reſpect, with the deciſion of the Almighty; they do not even wiſh to make an innovation. Moſt ſubmiſſively, and cheerfully, they wrap themſelves in the robe that is wrought for them, the unſpotted, all ſatiſfying, ſoul covering robe of a Redeemer's righteouſneſs. In the ſaviour of ſinners they are at peace, and they remain perfectly contented. Is there then no moral obligation upon the chriſtian? God forbid that we would admit the thought.

If he ſhould err, capitally err, it is not enough that the civil arm will be upraiſed to puniſh him; the rule of right and wrong predominates in his ſoul; he feels that he is under *ſuperiour obligations*, and he is enamoured with

with the beauties of equity ; a high sense of the relative duties incumbent upon him, as a human being, is deeply implanted in his breast : He establishes to himself a rule of conduct, from which he may not depart, except he would pierce himself through with many sorrows ; he is sensible that virtue is its own reward, this he experiences, in the sweet peace of mind which *goodness bestows over* ; he mourns, with many tears, the deviations to which the depravity of his nature subjects him ; and he is unceasingly solicitous, in all things, to adorn the doctrines of the Saviour of men.

CONSTANTIA.

— — — — —  
A Portrait.

A PICTURE OF THE COUNTESS OF — — —.

[FROM LEE'S MEMOIRS.]

THE Countess has, what we see seldom united in the same woman, vivacity and tenderness, dignity of person and feminine softness. She is tall and exquisitely shaped. She is of an amiable and commanding aspect. Her eyes are of the languishing English blue, but of the Grecian largeness and contour. Her forehead is of a formation not to be matched. Her lips are full and ripe, from which issues a breath which would create desires in age and coldness. Her neck is of such a colour and symmetry as to make us curse invidious custom for preventing us gazing on the whole of so amiable a piece of workmanship. Her skin is of a smoothness that, the slightest contact of it thrills through every pore, and beats alarm to a thousand wishes. Her person is rather ample ; but we would not consent to its diminution, lest some grace or beauty should be lost.

No man has seen her laugh ; but she smiles frequently. Her smiles seem rather to be the result of an inclination to make those about her cheerful and happy, than of any inherent gaiety of disposition in herself. She has, at times, a dash of melancholy in her countenance, which is more becoming than her smiles. These short symptoms of melancholy I should attribute to her vacancy of heart, to her want of some one object upon which she may fix her affections ; a necessity which nature has imposed upon woman for a wise purpose—the perpetuation of the human race.

She has faults ; but her faults seem to be acquired—her virtues a native inheritance. She is so general, that it almost amounts to coquetry. She makes too little distinction betwixt the men of merit and sense, and the foolish and undeserving. She can cruelly suffer the sincere respectful lover to languish without a glimmer of hope, and give encouragement to the assured indifferent coxcomb, who would boast of favours which she is, perhaps, determined to confer on no man. She has the appearance of being so satisfied with these reptiles, that you would suspect her understanding, did not every sentence she utters correct this mistake. She may be accused in this, of ingratitude towards her benefactress, Nature, who bestowed on her such uncommon talents, not to be hebetated by the galimatias of fools, but, by  
a proper

a proper application of her time, to be perfected into mental endowments proportionable to her personal charms. She acts wisely in being cautious of a second marriage, as the great fortune which she is possessed of, must render it difficult for her to distinguish who courts her riches, who herself. But the man who shall be happy enough to obtain her, will do well to hurry his prize to some retreat from the great world, as the facility which I complain of might create him much uneasiness; for it is an eternal truth, that great love, and some degree of jealousy, are inseparable. There thou mightest, O envied mortal! enjoy perpetual happiness; if candour, frankness, good nature, understanding and beauty could make thee happy.



### Spanish Capital.

#### DESCRIPTION OF MADRID.

**M**ADRID is the capital of the whole Spanish monarchy, and the residence of the sovereign, though never honoured with the title of city. It is situated in the center of a large plain, surrounded with mountains, and in the very heart of Spain, on the banks of the little river Manzanares, which is always shallow, except when swelled by the melting of snow on the mountains.—The streets are wide, straight and beautiful, and embellished with several handsome fountains. The houses are fair and lofty, but built of brick, with latticed windows, excepting those of people of fashion and opulence, which have glazed windows; but during the summer, they make use of gauze or some other thin fabric to introduce the air.

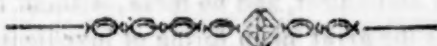
There are two stately bridges over the Manzanares, several elegant squares, a great many magnificent churches, convents, palaces and hospitals, among the last of which, is one for persons of all nations and disempers, which is richly endowed. Around the Placa Major, or grand square, are piazzas, with houses all in the same stile, and a continued range of balconies, for viewing the bull fights and other public spectacles exhibited in it. The royal palace, which is on the west side of the town, situated on an eminence, is spacious and magnificent, consisting of three courts, and commands a very extensive prospect. At the east end of the town, is the Prado, or Pardo, which is a delightful plain, planted regularly with rows of poplars, and watered with a great many fountains. Here the nobility and gentry take the air on horseback or in their carriages, and the common people on foot, or divert themselves with various sports and exercises. The whole town is in compass about nine miles, and the number of its inhabitants is computed to be 150,000. It is well supplied with provisions of all kinds at moderate prices, and the court, with the confluence of the nobility and the colleges, occasion a brisk trade and circulation of money. Here are three royal academies, one for the improvement of the Spanish language, another for history, and the third for medicine. Madrid, formerly, was a disagreeable, dirty town, but has been greatly improved of late, and is now one of the



the neatest places in Europe. A late ingenious traveller, speaking of Madrid, says,—“ I walked about the town, and observed that the names of the streets were painted on the corner houses ; that the houses were all numbered ; that the number of lamps was equal to that of the city of London ; that the paving was as regular and neat as can be imagined ; and that the streets were kept so clean, that I never saw any neater, not even in the cities of Holland ; whereas, ten years ago, Madrid, might have vied with Edinburgh in its former state for filthiness.”

The environs of Madrid, are very pleasant, and contain several royal seats, among which are El Buen Retiro, Casa del Campo, Florida, Le Pardo, Sarfuela, and St. Ildefonso : But the most magnificent, not only in this country, but perhaps in the whole world, is the Escorial, which receives its name from a small village about twenty two miles north west from Madrid. It was built by Philip II. either in honour of St. Lawrence, on whose festival his forces obtained the victory of St. Quintin, anno 1575, or in consequence of a vow he made to that saint, if he should gain the victory. It is an immensely spacious edifice, of curious white and speckled stone, ornamented with various sorts of marble, jasper, &c. It was twenty two years in building, and appears like a town at a distance, having, as is reported, about 11,000 windows, and containing, besides the royal apartments and offices, a most splendid church, in which are forty chapels, and as many altars, rich beyond conception, a convent of the order of Jerom, a college, several hospitals or infirmaries, and a magnificent library, containing an immense and choice collection of books in all languages and sciences.

Here also is the burial place of the kings and queens of Spain, called the Pantheon, which, notwithstanding its riches and splendor, is an affecting monument of the vanity and transitoriness of human grandeur. It is asserted, that it would take up four days to go through all the apartments of this palace, which for variety of jasper, marble, and other curious stones, painting, sculpture, plate, arms, &c. exceed all imagination.



### Charity.

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#### SINGULAR INSTANCE OF BENEFICENCE.

AN inhabitant of a burgh of the circle of Ertzgeburg, a mountainous country, more subject to a scarcity of provisions than other cantons of the electorate of Saxony, found himself, after supporting his family on a small provision of oats, reduced to the utmost misery, by a baker's refusing, to whom he owed nine crowns, to supply him with bread, unless he was paid. The wretch, thus brought to a state of despair, betook himself to a neighbouring wood, where he stopped a pedlar, who, without making any defence, delivered to him a purse of one and twenty crowns. But his heart did not permit him to extend his crime beyond his wants, or rather the wants

of

of his family. He would have none of the traveller's money, but barely what his necessities required. He returns the remainder, overwhelmed with remorse. Too guilty in his own eyes, it would have been a consolation to him, if he appeared less so to the man he had robbed. He beseeches him with sobs and tears to come with him to his habitation, to be a witness of the cause that urged him to guilt, which might perhaps plead his pardon. The poor and honest pedlar sees nothing more in him than a wretch as honest and as poor as himself. His sensibility carries him along, he follows the peasant, enters with him his hut, and there finds a wife and children, whose deplorable situation demands his compassion, for a husband, for a father, for all of them. He cannot think that his substance had been forcibly taken away from him, that his life had been threatened; that unfortunate family becomes his own; he is their friend, their comforter, their benefactor, their saviour. His whole fortune, all the money he had saved with so much trouble and anxiety, the one and twenty crowns, he gives away, and forces the peasant to accept them. After stripping himself of his all to relieve the present wants of that unfortunate family, he testifies no other regret, neither can he, but that of not being in a condition to prevent the wants it might in future be in dread of.



### THE Mirror. No. V.

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—————"a Smith,  
 "The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
 "With open mouth swallowed a Taylor's news."

NATURE, in all her operations, has designated no object, without some mean to its attainment, and no mean, without some stimulus to the pursuit. Curiosity is the great main spring of investigation, and the fountain head of improvement. To her charms the philosopher is indebted for that mental vigor, with which he pursues the grand scheme of nature thro' the dark labyrinth of intricacy, and the votaries of science equally with the lovers of antiquity, acknowledge her influence as the great touchstone of scholastic industry, and the noblest counterpoise to the tedious and no less *useless* task of analysing the musty records of barbarous ages. It is true, the subsistence of our animal nature, and the usual enjoyments of society, are sufficient incitements to diligence and activity in the common employments of life; our own interest will serve to encourage us to perseverance in our various occupations, and a native principle of benevolence may inspire us with good will to men. But to digress from the beaten path of employment, and to step forth into the broad field of speculation, in search of some unwrought ore of policy, to extract a new gem for the complicated diamond of government, or some untried region of philosophy, as a new climate for the

the wing of genius, requires the instigation of some more nervous principle of action. What but an ardent spirit of investigation could have forced the high famed Columbus, boldly to prostitute an independent soul to supplicate assistance at the footstool of imperious despotism; quitting his native shore, nobly to push himself beyond those limits, which the superstitious ignorance of the age had stated to the universe, and brave the horrors of a tempestuous and unknown ocean, amid the fatigues of sickness, the revolt and even conspiracy of his companions, in quest of an object, whose pursuit, even in the view of their greatest Philosophers, appeared the height of absurdity, and whose attainment, were it possible, they would esteem rather as a monument of his audacious madness, than as a testimony of his ingenuity, or even as a mark of his perseverance and fortitude.

The captivating beauties of history; the instructive philosophy of nature; and the radiant, though abstruse enchantments of metaphysics, had still lain in one crude mass of undigested matter, had not the hand of curiosity, by the magic wand of genius, struck asunder the various particles of this undistinguished chaos, and separated through the different apartments of the literary cabinet, these partcolored components in the rude mine of science. By her voice the noblest faculties of the human mind have been called into action; the intricate labyrinths of nature have been unfolded to the eye of reason, and her undigested rudeness has been exposed to the burnish of art. Every art, which forms a link in the useful chain of mechanics, or a path for the guidance of the mind; and every science, which can amuse the understanding, or reform the heart; is indebted for its existence to this laudable propensity for investigation. As the mind is pushed on to the pursuit of science by this principle; so it is unable to acquire its object unless suited in its capacity to the peculiarity of the undertaking. Industry and application, though they may improve the powers of genius, can never supersede the necessity or supply the want of them. "Labor improbus omnia vincet" is a maxim (intended as an incitement to activity in the application of corporeal strength) which has been distorted by the unhappy victims of biased nature as an asylum to their weakness; but maxims like these, though mantled in the sackcloth of pedantry, will never convince a rational mind, that industry with all her steel clad retinue, can ever misguide the force of constitution.

Curiosity is the hunger of the mind; but it is a hunger, which the literary epicure would scarce relinquish; and the *belluo librorum*, the man that is greedy of various knowledge, esteems this pain of the understanding the source of his noblest pleasures. As ambition in the *civil*, so curiosity in the *literary* world, is ever grasping at promotion; and, when directed by the counsels of sage experience, she has a tendency to ennoble the understanding by enlargements in science, and to humanize the heart by the culture of refinement.

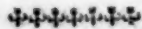
ALONZO.

Boston, September 2d, 1793.

APOLOGY



FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

THE *Essayist*. No. VII.

## A P O L O G Y   F O R   W R E S T L I N G .

AT a certain ancient and respectable seat of science, it has long been a custom for the students of the third class, to congratulate those of the fourth upon their matriculation, and to welcome them to the residence of the mules, by challenging them to a *wrestling match*. This custom, however *decent, laudable, and highly beneficial*, experience has evinced it to be, has, nevertheless, met with opposition, even from some, who by their situation cannot be ignorant of the numerous *advantages* attending it, and who, in *other respects*, appear to be possessed of a tolerable share of *common sense*. To expose the folly and madness of these persons, by exhibiting a few of the many salutary effects resulting from the above mentioned custom, and to obviate the objections, which stupidity has raised against it, is the design of the present paper.

In the first place it may be asked, what method could the wisdom of man suggest so well calculated as wrestling to expedite an *acquaintance* between the two classes, and to give the new comers a just idea of the *characters, genius, and favorite pursuits*, of those, who immediately precede them in the literary career? Every circumstance attending wrestling has a tendency to produce these happy effects. The greatest *familiarity* takes place between the combatants, and it is scarcely possible to persuade them to relinquish their cordial *embrace*, till one of them, overcome by the superior *strength* of affection displayed towards him by the other, falls to the ground. Surely, if he ever rises again, it will be to admire and *magnify* the benevolence and *condescension* of his antagonist.

In the next place, what lustre does the custom of wrestling reflect upon our celebrated university! The numerous waiting boys and African gentlemen, who grace this annual exhibition with their presence, never fail to exalt to the stars the mighty exploits of the sons of science, whose astonishing Herculean achievements, to pay them the highest compliment, which language permits, exceed even their proficiency in *useful knowledge*.

Further, a desire to abolish this excellent custom, involves in it so much *inhumanity*, that it must shock every person of sensibility to reflect upon it. The parents of the students belong in general to the wealthiest class of men in the community, upon whom the lower orders depend for encouragement and support. Now wrestling affords employment to the taylor, the surgeon, the physician, the retailer, and eventually perhaps to the undertaker. Must they not be wholly destitute of feeling, who would deprive honest industry of this long enjoyed resource? They most certainly are.

But the *inhumanity* of these innovators will, if possible, appear in a still more striking light in another point of view. It is a rule, which admits but few exceptions, that no person can at once belong to the *Herculean* and the

*Mercurial*

*Mercurial* schools; or, to speak in English, that those men, whom partial nature has favoured with an uncommon *genius* for wrestling, are seldom found to possess those talents, which are requisite to enable them to make a figure in the literary world. So true is it that

*One science only will one genius fit;*

*So vast is art, so narrow human wit.*

FORE.

Now if athletic sports were banished from the university, the brawny wrestler would have no theatre, upon which he might display his *abilities*, and consequently a very considerable number of the students would be utterly excluded from the road to distinction. Would not this be more than savage cruelty? Every person is calculated to excel in something, and ought to have an opportunity to display his particular excellence to the best advantage. For

*As noontide sun the case is plain,*

*Nature has nothing made in vain;*

*The blind mole cannot fly; 'tis found*

*His genius leads him under ground;*

*The man, that was not made to think,*

*Was born to wrestle, box, and drink;*

*Let fools defiance bid to satire,*

*Mind Tully's rule, and follow nature.*

TRUMBULL.

The enemies to the custom, which we are defending, must therefore exculpate themselves from the charge of *inhumanity*, and of an impious desire to subvert the laws of nature, before they can expect us to acquiesce in their sentiments upon the subject.

The most inveterate foes to wrestling must allow, that it is a *decent* and very *necessary* recreation for young gentlemen, whom providence has kindly exempted from coarse and laborious occupations. As they are condemned to a sedentary life, their health would soon decay, were it not for the timely aid of *moderate* exercise. The *gentle*, the *pleasing*, the *elegant*, exercise of wrestling, seems to be designed by heaven to preserve the life of the students. To attempt to deprive them of this favourite amusement then, is to wage war against the *noblest* part of those, who avail themselves of it, to wit, the precious health of their valuable *bodies*.

The *antiquity* of wrestling, one would think, is sufficient to recommend it to every judicious mind. This noble pastime was at its zenith at those happy periods of the world, when men were not shackled by the starched precepts of morality, nor emasculated by the enervating politeness of the moderns; but free, vigorous, and fit for every *manly* exercise. And may we not hope, by imitating these worthy ancients as much as possible; especially by cultivating to the utmost of our power the divine art of wrestling, to render our country a second Greece, or, which is still better, a Rome under the government of the immortal Nero? This suggestion is humbly submitted to the consideration of every true patriot.

Besides, if wrestling matches were exploded, where could the students find

*rational*

*rational entertainment*? As *bull baitings*, *bull feasts*, and *cock fights*, have not yet been generally introduced into this country, would they not, for want of athletic sports, be obliged, in order to relax their minds, overstretched by intense application to the abstruser branches of science, to have recourse to music, drawing, reading, composing, or rational conversation, amusements so utterly unbecoming a gentleman and a scholar? A most dreadful alternative. Thank heaven we are not yet reduced to the sad necessity.

It has been objected, that these wrestling matches are the never failing source of discord, animosity, and altercation, between the classes concerned; that they destroy that harmony and friendly intercourse so desirable in every society; and consequently, that upon the whole they are very injurious to the university. The facts we readily grant, but deny the consequence. For these dissensions among the students have a happy tendency, to prevent them from uniting in plans of mischief, and schemes for disturbing the repose of the immediate government. This the objectors themselves allow, when they alledge, as the reason why the governors of the university have not as yet inhibited wrestling, that they are apprehensive, that if unanimity and cordial friendship should prevail among their pupils, they should be obliged to increase their vigilance in watching over them. Thus this objection falls to the ground.

Another objection is, that wrestling is an exercise which requires too great an exertion of bodily strength to be proper for those who have not been inured to coarse employments; that it may be a suitable pastime for the *farmer* or *mechanic*, but for the *delicate votary* of the *muses* some more elegant amusement should be procured. This we think is sufficiently refuted by the preceding observations.

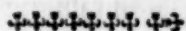
It is further objected, that it is *ungenerous* in the students of the third class to drag the reluctant freshmen into the Campus Martius, and oblige them to sustain an unequal combat, upon their very first appearance among them, while they are unacquainted with the upper classes and each other, and feel that timidity so natural to a stranger. But to overthrow this mighty objection we need only repeat that simple adage, *there is policy in war*.

Upon the whole, is it not surprising, that a custom so replete with advantages should meet with opposition in this enlightened age? But thank heaven, notwithstanding the violent struggles of the inconsiderate and factious to procure its expulsion from the seat of the muses, wrestling still flourishes in its pristine vigor, and can boast a large number of worthy votaries. May it finally absorb every other amusement and employment, may Harvard yet produce a second Milo and a Hercules, and may the whole world soon recognise with gratitude the beneficial effects resulting from wrestling.

DETACHED



## Sententious Sayings.



## DETACHED OBSERVATIONS.

I. **T**HE virtues of the heart are esteemed as nothing ; but wit and bodily endowments are objects of idolatry.

II. Philosophers live wickedly, notwithstanding their wisdom ; and politicians, with all their state maxims, cannot govern themselves.

III. The greatest part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable.

IV. The most ridiculous sight in the world is an old man in love.

V. There is but one real misfortune that can befall a man : It is the having any thing with which to reproach himself.

VI. Affectation is the consequence of idleness, and the having nothing to do. Men of business and application to serious affairs have not leisure to grow affected.

VII. Some men have just sense enough to make them prudent.

VIII. A man may easily refine his manners ; but he will find it difficult to polish his mind.

IX. The honesty, good sense, and politeness of those advanced in years, give us a good opinion of what we call ancient times.

X. To court nobody, and to expect no courtship from any one, is the happiest condition of mankind.

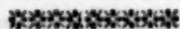
XI. The flatterer has not a good opinion of himself, or of others.

XII. Moderation and prudence leave men obscure ; to be known and admired, it is necessary to have great virtues, or, what is perhaps equal, great vices.

XIII. There are two worlds : In the present, the most useful things are interest, authority, friends, reputation, and wealth. To despise all these things is the best preparation for the next.



## Historical Scrap.



## ADVENTURE OF MIRAVAN.

**T**HERE dwelt at Izra a young nobleman named Miravan, who was blessed with health, wit, beauty, and a sufficient competency of the good things of this world, which for some years he enjoyed with the most uninterrupted satisfaction, till one day walking among the tombs of his ancestors, he observed upon one of them the following inscription almost erased by time ;

*In this tomb is a greater treasure than Ctesus ever possessed.*

Inflamed

Inflamed immediately with the very lust of avarice, he caused the ponderous and marble jaws (as Shakespear calls them) of his ancestor's sepulchre to be opened; when entering with rapturous expectation of finding immense treasures, he was struck speechless with disappointment to behold nothing but a heap of bones, dust and putrefaction, with this inscription over it:

*Here would have dwelt ETERNAL REPOSE, a treasure Cresus never possessed, which thou hast driven hence, being excited by an insatiable love of gold to disturb the sacred remains of thy progenitors. Had not the reason been deluded by a false fancy, she would have told thee that the grave contains nothing but dust and ashes.*

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### ANECDOTE OF PIOVANO ARLOTTO.

A MERRY author relates, that *Piovano Arlotto*, a famous Italian priest and a great traveller, being on the point of embarking on a voyage, was solicited by several of his friends to purchase a variety of things for them in the country he was going to visit. The curate received all their commissions with great politeness, put the memorandums in his pocket book very carefully, and promised to oblige every friend. At his return they all crowded round him to receive their purchases; but to their surprise, he had only executed one single commission; this partiality affronting all the rest, he made his apology in the following speech. "Gentlemen, when I set sail, I laid all your memorandums on the gallery of the ship, to peruse them, that I might put them in order, to be executed regularly; when suddenly a squall arose, which blew them overboard, and it was impossible for me to remember their divers contents." However, replied one of them, you have brought Mr. ——— his silks. Very true, says *Piovano*, but the reason is, that he enclosed in his memorandum, a number of ducats, the weight of which prevented it from being carried away by the wind with yours, not being so light, so that I had the means of remembering what he ordered. A word to the wise is sufficient—it is trouble enough to execute commissions, without adding to it the inconvenience of advancing the money and raising an account, when the obligation is conferred, not received.

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### Descriptive.

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### TRUTH AND FICTION.

AMONG the writers of Fiction, whose business is to furnish that entertainment which Fancy perpetually demands, it is a standing plea, that the beauties of Nature are now exhausted, that Imitation has exhausted all

all its power, and that nothing more can be done for the service of their mistress, than to exhibit a perpetual transposition of known objects, and draw new pictures, not by introducing new images, but by giving new lights, and shades, arrangement and colouring to the old. This plea has been cheerfully admitted; and Fancy, led by the hand of a skilful guide, treads over again the flowery path she has often trod before. As much enamoured with every new diversification of the same prospect, as with the first appearance of it.

In the regions of Science, however, there is not the same indulgence: The Understanding and the Judgment travel there in pursuit of Truth, whom they always expect to find in one simple form, free from the disguises of dress and ornament; and as they travel with laborious step and a fixed eye, they are content to stop when the shades of night darken the prospect, and patiently wait the radiance of a new morning to lead them forward in the path they have chosen, which, however thorny, or however steep, is severely preferred to the most pleasing excursions that bring them no nearer to the object of their search. The plea, therefore, that Nature is exhausted, and that nothing is left to gratify the mind but different combinations of the same ideas, when urged as a reason for multiplying unnecessary labours among the sons of science, is not so readily admitted: The understanding, when in possession of truth, is satisfied with the simple acquisition, and not, like fancy, inclined to wander after new pleasures in the diversification of objects already known, which, perhaps, may lead to error.

But notwithstanding this general disinclination to accumulate labours for the sake of that pleasure which arises merely from different modes of investigating truth; yet, as the mines of science have been diligently opened, and their treasures widely diffused, there may be parts chosen, which by a proper combination and arrangement, may contribute not only to entertainment, but use, like the rays of the sun, collected in a concave mirror to serve particular purposes of light and heat.



### Masonic.



A CHARGE, by the Rev. W. WALTER, D. D. delivered  
at Charlestown, June 24th, 1793.

WORSHIPFUL AND RESPECTED BROTHERS,

**I** RISE with the sensations and sentiments of a friend to your society—not of a friend only, but of a Brother who is warmly desirous of promoting your honor and best interest.

Our first obligation is to the supreme architect of heaven and earth; you have well done therefore in opening this solemnity by prayer to Him in whom we live and move and have our being.



You have had delivered before you an animated history of our benevolent institution, stating its rise and progress so far as the eye of inquiry is able to penetrate the dark ages of remote antiquity ; together with its introduction and present state on the shores of this western world.

It now remains for me to remind you of the right object of this society, and the best methods of attaining it.

His own happiness is the great object of every man. This is the leading principle of his constitution. It is the great law of his nature, established by him who made the world and the inhabitants thereof ; for this he feeds and clothes his body—for this he studies and cultivates his mind—for this he gives his hand to some fair partner and rears a family—for this he unites in neighbourhoods and other societies—for this he acknowledges his dependence upon God, worships and adores the Great Father of Lights from whom comes down every good and perfect gift.

For the full attainment of this object the author of our natures has made us social beings ; and daily teaches us by experience that our natural wants are better supplied in society than in solitary life—that our highest enjoyments are from a frequent exchange of kind offices—and our speech, which would be useless to man single and alone, demonstrates that he was made for society, where his best pleasures arise from the mutual communication of ideas, sensations and desires. Thus do we realize that

*" Self love and social are the same."*

For the whole species to unite and dwell together in one common society is impossible. Mountains and seas separate, and will forever separate nation from nation, and one people from another. Convenience, similarity of dispositions, mutual regard, and sameness of object, lead into and originate smaller societies or associations of men, variously denominated as they differ in the object of pursuit, or rather in the means of obtaining the one grand object. Hence we see societies *religious, scientific, commercial, military, political, humane, &c.* all of them useful, commendable and meritorious. Among these *Our's* boasts of its antiquity, its wide extent, and the worthiness of its object, which is *relief and aid* ; for however operative Masonry might in the beginning have combined mechanic knowledge and charity in one, the former has long since merged in the latter, which is now confessedly the sole principle of our union.

Such are the changes and chances of this mortal life, so numerous are the calamities and misfortunes to which men are liable in the course of their pilgrimage ; so closely are we pursued by pain and sickness from the cradle to the grave, that we may well look around us for all the consolations which human wisdom can devise, or human power effect. As these are accidents and calamities not confined to any quarter of the globe, to any nation, or class of men, our fathers by a noble and generous exertion of spirit determined to originate a society, which should contemplate the species divested of all religious or political distinction, which should be *free* to the worthy and *accepted* of all nations and languages ; which might comprehend a Jewish Solomon and a Tyrian Hiram—a Romish Prelate and a Protestant

restant Reformer, a Frederick and a Washington at the head of their armies, and a humble Quaker who holds in detestation the sword and the bayonet ; all these, tho' differing in some respects, may agree in others, and be united in love. Love is therefore our principle, and happiness our aim. By every rational and prudent method to guard against the calamities which we cannot foresee ; by mutual vigilance and mutual aid, to lessen the quantity of wretchedness to which men are incident in this vain and transitory world, and to increase the quantity of good of which they are capable, is the intention of our various Lodges, and the purpose for which our community was formed. A purpose which is no sooner mentioned than approved ; and wherever understood must command esteem.

That Masons are sometimes found departing from their principle, and that our associations do not always produce the avowed purpose of their formation, is readily acknowledged and sincerely lamented ; but where is the society that does ? *Humanum est errare*. Humanity is not perfect. Neither is any of her institutions or works. But, my friends and brethren, if others have failed, let us excel. And if you cannot by the best exertions of your powers arrive at perfection, at least aim to attain it. Where the object is *high*, the arrow intended to strike, will, if it fails, probably ascend much farther than if supposed within the easy reach of every youth.

Love is certainly the noblest passion of our nature. Many are the principles of action within us, but the greatest of these is love. It has the full approbation of reason, and powerfully prompts to wish and to endeavour the welfare of mankind. The enemies of it are *Ambition*, which aims to be highest—*Pride*, which owns no obligation—*Envy*, which can bear no superior—*Jealousy*, that apprehends affronts and injuries that were never intended—*Anger*, which refuses to deliberate—*Avarice*, which withholds the portion which misery claims—*Selfishness*, which knows no wants but its own—and *Sensual Pleasure*, which intoxicates the senses and drowns the understanding. Against these, which are predominant features in our corrupted natures, let me *charge* you to be always on your guard. On the contrary, be persuaded with assiduity of mind to cultivate that meekness and lowliness of disposition, that sympathy and tenderness, that ardent and generous good will, which makes every Brother's situation its own ; and do unto all as ye would they should do unto you.

That you may have not only the inclination, but the ability to afford effectual relief, go to the *Ant*, and learn of her to be industrious—pass to yon colony of *Bees*, and learn of them to be provident—then turn to that *noble Bird*,\* see how she tears her breast and feeds her young with the blood which issues from the wounds, which she has purposely made, and learn of her to be fondly affectionate, accounting nothing too dear to sacrifice for the good of your brethren.

Ye who are *Officers*, remember that it is the love of your brethren, which has raised you to your present stations, and let all your orders and commands

\* The Pelican.

mands be the orders and commands of love returned. Let integrity direct your steps, and liberality open wide your hands. Be at all times circumspect; and to the propriety of your commands add the weight of your examples.

And ye who form the community of *Brethren*, let love be without dissimulation. Approve the things that are excellent. Be studious to please, and know that public prosperity can only result from public order. Cast your eyes, I beseech you, to that celestial region where you behold the planets rolling, without cessation or interference, round yon burning luminary, from whence they receive light and warmth, and learn of them that order and obedience, which is essential to your highest comfort and enjoyment as men and masons. Be vigilant, be sober. Remember that a watchful and hard pleasing world is attentive to your conduct. Remember especially, that the ever wakeful eye of Omniscience is upon you; and may every desire of your hearts, and every thought of your mind, deserve his approbation and meet his reward.

In conclusion, let me remind you, sirs, that ye are *Christians*. And from the volume of nature, let me lead you to the volume of revelation. There you will see the wonders upon wonders, which God has done for an apostate world. With what solicitude he seeks to recover those who were lost, to bring back those who had wandered, that he might have mercy upon all. Let his love to us so unmerited, so unbounded, excite our utmost love to him. And let that love be manifested by every suitable method—in frequent addresses at the throne of grace—in fervent effusions of praise—in holy confidence and universal obedience.

Particularly contemplate the adorable *Jesus*, the appointed Mediator, the great pattern of human perfection, and tread in his steps. Consider him under all the characters in which the sacred writings exhibit him to the faithful; and delight in his instructions; seek to be interested in the merits of his sacrifice; and be dutifully submissive to his laws, walking in all his precepts and his ordinances blameless. May the same mind be in you which was also in him, whose meat and drink it was to do the will of his Father; and who went about doing good.

To excite your utmost diligence, think, O think of those tremendous scenes, which will open to our view, when these earthly tabernacles shall be dissolved; and with what rapidity the hours are flying away. Look round you, and behold the Masters, the Fellow Crafts and their Apprentices, the old and the young, your neighbours and your companions, are sinking in the stream of time; and though for the moment your little barks are floating on the surface, yet presently they also disappear, and the places which now know you, will know you no more. Add therefore to your faith, knowledge, temperance, patience; to these add godliness; and to godliness, universal charity. For if these things be in you and abound, they will evince that ye are not barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of the Lord, our Saviour and our GOD.

But hark! the voice of lamentation strikes my ear! it is the sound of mourning from the chambers of sorrow that surround us. Yes, my respect-  
ed



ed Brothers, while we contemplate with pleasure this fair town, among the first which our venerable ancestors planted on these transatlantic shores, rising like the Phoenix from its ashes, with increased splendor, we are called to mourn with those who mourn. If the Divine Providence has been pleased, with peace and independence, to give back to some of its inhabitants, a full portion of that wealth, which for a season He saw proper to withdraw; others there are who still lament the loss of those means of subsisting which they formerly enjoyed, and are compelled to supplicate that charity, which once they were able to bestow. These now solicit your friendly aid, and I am sure they speak not to the deaf, nor will they solicit in vain. They are men, and are in want, this is sufficient for you to know, for ye are men, and ye are christians.

To comfort the broken hearted—to feed the hungry—and give clothing to the naked.—These are among the works which your religion and your profession enjoin. These are the works which will bear reflection, they are the good works which will give you peace amid the storms of life—peace in the agonies of death—peace at that solemn hour, when the earth and the sea shall give up their dead, and the appointed Judge shall sever the good and charitable, from the impious, the cruel and profane, and shall throw the impassable gulph between, saying to *these* depart—to *those* attend with me, to the temple not made with hands, to that city whose builder and maker is GOD.

— “What ensues?

The deed predominant, the deed of deeds!  
Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n.

— Eternity,

The goddess, with determin'd aspect turns  
Her adamant key's enormous size  
Through destiny's inextricable wards,  
Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates;  
Then from the chrystal battlements of heav'n  
Down, down, she hurls it thro' the dark profound  
Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust  
And ne'er-unlock her resolution more.

— — — — —  
Pathetic.

XXXXXXXXXX

### HISTORY OF JIMMY THE ROVER.

[From the FARMER'S FRIEND, a new work just published, by Dr. E. HITCHCOCK, of Providence.]

HE was industrious, and prospered so well that he married a very worthy deserving girl, who had lived sometime with Mrs. Vanhime, a very charitable gentlewoman, who lived in a little town on the banks of the Delaware. He afterwards removed to another part of the country, where

where he hoped to do better for himself, than where he then was. He succeeded quite well for some time, but meeting with several misfortunes, and his family fast increasing, he got involved, and the heirs of his creditor, who happened to die about this time, thrust him into a loathsome jail. This happened at a time when his wife was ill, and in consequence of it became very dangerously sick. She went beside herself, and died not long after. To her death followed the death of his two youngest children, one of them but an infant. These misfortunes drove him into a state of distraction, and they released him from confinement. He said, "I have no home—the earth is my home. I will go up, and down in it, till I find a cave where human foot will not come." He filled himself Jimmy the Rover. He wandered about from place to place, with his two remaining children, whom he called Venona and Penelope.—At length, in his wanderings, he discovered a deep cave under some rocks. This was not a very great distance from the place where he had married his lovely Sylvia, as he always called his wife, when he spoke of her. Here he determined to take up his abode. He called it the cave of Vanhime, after the name of the gentlewoman with whom his wife had lived. The pass into this cave was narrow. It was only large enough to contain him and his two children, and his faithful dog, who had long been the companion of his poverty. He would frequently wander all day about in the woods, while the children went to the little town not far off, to beg some provision for their poor old daddy and themselves. In the night they would lodge by their hapless father. "What, stay there all night daddy, said Henry?" "Yes, I believe they did, said the little Joseph. I am sure I would not leave my daddy alone if he was poor and sick," "nor I neither, said Dorcas," "nor I, nor I, said they all."—Venona and Penelope were dutiful children, continued Mr. Worthy, and could not be persuaded to leave him. One day they went to the place where the gentlewoman lived, that I mentioned before, not knowing any thing of her themselves, but the dog knew her, though he had not been that way for many years. She inquired their names, and found their place of retirement. This good lady furnished them with many necessaries, and asked them if they would come and live with her. They thanked her, but said their daddy would be left alone if they did, and they could not leave him.—"Good children, said the good lady, you must take good care of your daddy." She sent for him to come to her house. He came, but was not to be persuaded out of his way of life. The small pox came about. His two children caught it. They were carried to an hospital—they died—he saw them gasping for breath—yes, he saw them expire—he wrung his hands—he could not speak—he could not shed a tear, his heart was too full.

After his children were buried, he visited their graves daily. Here he poured out tears and lamentations to no purpose. Curso, his dog, always accompanied him in these gloomy visits. "Curso, said Jimmy, will never leave me." His spirits began to fail him. He grew melancholy, and seldom went farther than the little town on the margin of the river. He  
would

would look at the river and say, "so runs life as the water flows down." He called on Mrs. Vanhime. She would have relieved him, but he would give to his dog whatever she gave him for his own subsistence. Curso was unfortunately killed by an ill natured man who did not care whom he injured, nor how much he tortured animals. This was the last stroke that could befall poor Jimmy the Rover. He betook himself to his cabin. Mrs. Vanhime kindly visited him. She wept with him, as he tried to relate his troubles—he grew more rational and calm. She offered him some nourishment—he would have taken it, but nature was too much exhausted. He said to her, with a serene countenance, "Madam, I thank you for your goodness—you have been kind to me—you was so to my dear Sylvia—she is gone, I am going—God is just—we shall both be happy." Having spoke this, he expired without a groan.

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♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

### Instructive.

## MAXIMS OF EDUCATION.

[From the same Work.]

**F**IRST impressions on the senses produce lasting effects on the mind. They should therefore be such as will be favorable to virtue.

Children, when very young, are taught by signs. These should be such as to convey the best impressions—look grieved, not angry, at their bad actions—joyful at their good ones, and compassionate at their troubles or pains.

To imitate others is a natural propensity in childhood—teach them to avoid danger, by avoiding it yourselves—remove fear where there is no danger, by coolness and cheerfulness—accustom them from infancy to go in the dark, and they will never be afraid of it.

Those are their worst enemies who talk to children of ghosts, and apparitions, &c.—Suffer no such person to tarry in your house.

Stubbornness is an attempt to usurp their authority. Let it be subdued by a steady tone of voice and manner of treatment. If the child will not eat what is offered, let it have nothing, hunger will bring it to. If it refuses to do as bidden, deprive it of a favorite thing.

To hear frequent complaints from children, tends to beget jealousies and ill will among them.—If then you would preserve harmony between them, suffer them not to complain one of another.

Indulge not your children to excess—this would be giving them the authority over you, that you should preserve over them.

Cruelty to insects and animals generates cruelty to men—correct this disposition with care—say with concern, "poor thing, it is capable of feeling pain as well as you, how would you like to be tortured so?"

A frank disposition is as beautiful in character as it is useful in society—gain the confidence of children by gentle treatment, and they will not think of dissembling.

IMPARTIAL



## Review.

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FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## IMPARTIAL CHARACTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Farmer's Friend, or the History of Mr. Charles Worthy. Who from being a poor Orphan, rose through various scenes of distress and misfortune, to wealth and eminence, by industry, economy and good conduct. Interspersed with many useful and entertaining narratives, suited to please the fancy, improve the understanding, and mend the heart. By Enos Hitchcock, D. D. Author of Memoirs of the Bloomsgrove Family. Printed at Boston, by I. Thomas and E. T. Andrews, 1793. Price 4/6.*

**T**O please the fancy, improve the understanding and mend the heart, comprehend every object which a writer ought to have in view. The volume before us responds to its title page. The fancy must be depraved which finds nothing of a pleasing nature in this little book; and the best improved understanding, or the purest heart, cannot read far, without acknowledging their mutual obligations to the Rev. Author. Beauty of sentiment and simplicity of style, instructive lessons and amusing tales are happily blended. The distresses of the Orphan, though pathetically described, do not outrage every feeling; nor does the happiness of Mr. Worthy, painted in lively colours, torture credulity to believe.

Charles Worthy's early poverty interests the better feelings of humanity: His future wealth, the effect of his own perseverance, we pronounce him deserving of. The too common fault of an improbable catastrophe is judiciously avoided. Dr. Hitchcock has not exempted the hero of his story, when arrived at independence, from those general calamities which are incident to man. He has done infinitely better. Mr. and Mrs Worthy teach us by precept and example to encounter the ills of life with fortitude and resignation; and their lives present a lesson which is worthy to be engraven on the heart of every rational candidate for happier scenes.—Our Author exhibits much ingenuity at contrasting characters. There are many specimens of this kind which reflect great honour upon his judgment.—In a few words, we can cheerfully commend the *Farmer's Friend*, not only to the Agricultural part of the community, but to the more polished grades in society, unless they are too wise to be taught by the pupil of Socrates and the disciple of our Lord.

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## Cabinet of Apollo.

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FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

### SONNET TO THE WOOD ROBBIN.

STAY, sweet enchanter of the grove,  
Leave not so soon thy native tree ;  
O ! warble still those notes of love,  
While my fond heart, responds to thee.

Rest thy soft bosom on the spray,  
Till chilly autumn frowns severe ;  
Then charm me with thy parting lay,  
And I will answer with a tear.

But soon as Spring enwreath'd with flowers,  
Comes dancing o'er the new drest plain,  
Return and cheer thy natal bowers,  
My Robbin, with those notes again ;  
And should'st thou sing sweet bird with glee,  
Sooth'd sorrow's self shall list, to thee.

ANNA LOUISA.

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FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

### A F R A G M E N T,

*On hearing the Notes of MARY'S DREAM, at a distance, in the Night.*

WHILE the cold moon beam gilds the ground,  
And dews, soft dropping, gem the vale,  
Slow o'er the greensward winds a sound,  
And sweetness fills the night sigh'd gale.

Soft ! 'tis lorn sorrow's saddest song !  
Sure some soft sylph awakes her strains ;  
On zephyr's plume they float along,  
From sylvan dell in fairy plains.

Or else tis tear dew'd pity sings,  
Her dirges o'er the turf clos'd grave ;

F

Or

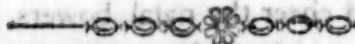
Or soothes with music's dulcet strings,  
Some tir'd recluse in desert cave.

No ! tis the maid of pining care,  
With her sad harp has fought the grove ;  
Ere chant the notes of wan despair,  
And now the hallow'd tones of love.

Genii, attend the trembling maid,  
Send her white peace in ev'ry breeze ;  
Attend her vigils in the shade,  
And lend the harp mild power to ease.

But hark ! the music wastes to sighs,  
Slow sink the solemn notes away !  
Each tone with plaintive sweetness dies,  
And echo pensive drops the lay.

LAVINIA.



FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

IN MEMORY OF DR. JAMES HUTCHINSON,

*Who fell a victim to his humanity, in attending the Sick, at Philadelphia, September, 1793.*

PEACE to thy shade—the peace of God to thee,  
Thou martyr in the cause of fellow man !  
Fame, bend to Hutchinson the prostrate knee !  
Ambition, glory, dwindle to a span.

What are the trophies which your vot'ries boast ?  
The orphan's sigh—the widow's bitter tear,  
Some dying husband fronts your shaded host,  
Sons, daughters, matrons, shrieking, croud the rear.

Curse on ambition, glory, love of fame !  
From Philip's hair brain'd boy to Charles the Swede,  
Unfated vengeance prey on ev'ry name,  
That ever caus'd one poor man's heart to bleed.  
Whilst all the praise of earth, and bliss of heav'n be thine,  
Who gave thy valu'd life, in hope, to ransom mine.

FOR



FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

H Y M N,

*Composed in consequence of the prevailing Sickness at Philadelphia.*

PARENT of health ! bow down thine ear,  
 From heav'n's high throne thy suppliants hear ;  
 All gracious, Lord, O grant our prayer ;  
 In deep distress thy servants are.

Unseen, thy angel takes his stand,  
 He draws the bow with mighty hand ;  
 Unerring speeds the shaft of death ;  
 His arrows strew the grass grown heath.

Bid him unstring the sounding bow ;  
 Nor lay at once a nation low ;  
 Return the sword to mercy's sheath,  
 And stop these messengers of death.

Then like to Israel's ancient race,  
 The triumphs of thy saving grace ;  
 As sweet perfume to heav'n shall rise,  
 And grateful anthems fill the skies.

To thee, to thee, our only friend,  
 Th' adoring knee we humbly bend ;  
 Oh hear, bow down, relieve, O Lord !  
 Nor draw again thy flaming sword.

---

J U L I A.

*An ancient Ballad.*

T O the graves, where sleepe the deade,  
 Hapless Julia took her waye ;  
 Sighs to heave, and teares to shed,  
 O'er the spot where Damon laye.  
 Manye a blooming flow'r she bore,  
 O'er the green grass turf to throwe ;  
 And, while fast her teares did poure,  
 Thus shee sang to soothe her woe :

" Softe and safe, thou lowly grave,  
 Fast o'er thee my teares shall flowe ;

Only

Only hope the hapless have,  
 Only refuge left for woe,  
 Constant love and grief sincere,  
 Shall thy hallow'd turf pervade ;  
 And many a heartfelte sigh and teare,  
 Hapless youth, shall soothe thy shade.

Lighted by the moone's pale shine,  
 See me, to thy mem'rye true,  
 Lowlye bending at thy shrine,  
 Many a votive flow'er to strewe.  
 But how little do these flow'rs  
 Prove my love and constancye !  
 Yet a few sad fleeting houres,  
 And, dear youthe, I'll followe thee.

Rose, replete with scent and hue,  
 Sweetest flow'er that nature blowes,  
 Damon flourish'd once like you ;  
 Nowe o'er him the green grasse grows,  
 Rose, go deck his hallow'd grave,  
 Lilly, o'er the greene turfe twine ;  
 Honour meete that turfe should have,  
 Beauty's bed, and virtue's shrine.

Primrose pale and violet blue,  
 Jess'min sweete, and eglantine,  
 Nightly here thy sweetes I strewe,  
 Proude to decke my true love shrine.  
 Like you, my Damon bloom'd a daye,  
 He did die, and so must you,  
 But such charmes can you display,  
 Halfe so virtuous, half so true ?

No, sweet flow'rets, no such charmes,  
 No such virtues can you boaste ;  
 Yet hee's torn from my fond arms,  
 Yet my faithful love is crost.  
 But a radiant morne shall rise,  
 (Loit'ring moments, faster flowe.)

When

When with him I'll tread the skies,  
Smile at deathe, and laugh at woe."

Thus she fung, and strew'd the flow'r,  
Beate her breaste, and wept, and sigh'd,  
And, when told the midnight houre,  
On the green turf grave shee dy'd.  
Manye a nightingale forelorne  
Sung her knell, while breezes sigh'd :  
Haughty grandeur heard with scorne,  
How so poore a mayden dy'd.

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TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

S O N N E T.

*In answer to their enquiry, " Is the Harp of ALOUETTE pendent on the willows of Sorrow ? "*

NO! no more I seek the *weeping willow's* shade,  
Or hang my harp upon its drooping bough ;  
No longer pining *care* distracts my head,  
Or stern *misfortune* frowns upon my brow.  
But PEACE and AFFLUENCE in my cell appear,  
Where lonely *wretchedness* was long a guest ;  
Now gentle LOVE and smiling JOY are here,  
And HEALTH, returning, smooths the bed of rest.  
And e'en that scornful world to whom my lot  
From notice and regard *exclusion* prov'd,  
Now deign to visit my sequester'd cot :  
And flattering Friends pretend they always lov'd,  
Or else regret they knew me not before,  
And pleas'd, partake the comforts of my store:

ALOUETTE.

---

O D E T O P I T Y.

I.

SWEET Nymph of soft dejected mien,  
With streaming eye and flowing hair,

With



With bleeding feet, who still art seen  
 Following, where'er with frantic air  
 Pale sorrow flies dispensing many a woe,  
 Prepar'd to soothe, and mitigate the blow—  
 Pity, hear my anxious call,  
 And when thy mother flings her scorpion dart,  
 Dipt in keenest, bitterest gall,  
 O! be thou near to heal the wounded heart.  
 Daughter fair of Love and Sorrow,  
 From thy various parents borrow,  
 Charms of soul-subduing pow'r,  
 Charms to soothe the saddest hour.  
 If love hath given thee smiles of healing balm,  
 To bid the woe-worn heart be calm,  
 Thy mother gave thy soul-subduing tone,  
 And all thy sighs and tears, are thine from her alone.

## II.

Sweet friend of man, was ever foul,  
 By angry hate so firmly steel'd  
 That to thy delicate control,  
 His iron breast refus'd to yield?  
 Ev'n stern Revenge, whose bosom scarce can melt,  
 Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy gentle sway hath felt.  
 When furious Wrath the sword hath rais'd  
 To plunge it deep into the adverse breast,  
 If on thy tearful eye he gaz'd,  
 His rous'd up passions sunk to sudden rest.  
 Oh! thou best prize, which fav'ring heav'n,  
 To bless the race of man hath given;  
 Still on his heart exert thy sway,  
 Still rule his transitory day.  
 Ah! gentlest maid, without thy healing power,  
 How would o'erwhelming tumult lower!  
 Revenge untir'd, depopulate the plain,  
 And chaos, ruin, death, and desolation reign.

## III.

At eve in that delightful hour,  
 When day must yield to twilight's faddening power,  
 When

When every ruder wind is laid,  
 And whispering breezes gently fan the shade,  
 Then, pity, then, thou oft art found  
 With many a weeping grace encircled round;  
 Then thou, with some enchanting tale,  
 Where winning woe and pleasing grief prevail,  
 Beguil'st each virgin of her tears,  
 Who thy soft forrowing story hears,  
 And still their gentle bosoms own,  
 Of thy bewitching voice the sadly pleasing tone.  
 Still may sweet maidens, feel such pleasure,  
 For Sympathy's their brightest treasure,  
 And thy soft tears a balm bestow  
 To heal fair virtue's wounds, and mitigate her woe.  
 Daughter at once, and nurse of love,  
 Oft in his cause hast thou essay'd  
 With infant tenderness to move  
 The bosom of the cruel maid:  
 When he assumes the frantic looks of grief,  
 Thou bidd'st her smile, and give his breast relief.  
 But, ah! sweet maid, when from dark hell,  
 Infernal discord, and suspicion fell,  
 With cruel aim, discharge their darts  
 To separate the fondest hearts;  
 Let fall thy tears, soft balsam dropping,  
 The blood, with thy torn garments stopping,  
 Which the deep rankling wounds distil,  
 And let thy pow'r each bosom fill:  
 Oh, draw soft tears from friendship's alter'd eye,  
 Prompt thou the reconciling sigh;  
 Bid mutual love again their bosoms bind,  
 And to themselves once more, each pitying heart be kind.

## V.

When the red torch of furious war  
 Flames, with a kindling blaze around,  
 When the loud trumpet sends afar  
 The hostile death denouncing sound,  
 Then o'er the blood stained field thy banners wave,  
 Then

Then melt the bosoms of the truly brave,  
 And still to awful valor's side  
 To real valor still wert thou allied,  
 O ! gentlest maid, be ever near,  
 And check his ardor with thy softning tear.  
 Then in the conqueror's raptur'd bosom,  
 While joy puts forth her lovely blossom,  
 And while subdued, the sorrowing foe,  
 Bends in the dust with heart felt woe,  
 Then rule the victor with thy gentle sway,  
 Then grace the great, the glorious day :  
 Bid him a kneeling adversary spare,  
 And with immortal fame, do thou the glory share.

## VI.

O ! nymph, from whose enchanting face,  
 Is never wip'd the tear's affecting trace ;  
 Whose bosom ever heaves a sigh,  
 While dewy lustre trembles in thine eye,  
 While life subsists and seasons roll,  
 Assert thine empire o'er the human soul,  
 Bid every softer feeling live,  
 And to the worthiest new perfection give.  
 To thee the grateful arts still owe,  
 The pleasing transports they bestow,  
 And painting still, and sculpture own,  
 Their chiefest charms derived from thee alone ;  
 Music from thee her raptures stealing,  
 Touches each soft, each tender feeling,  
 And ah ! to thee the Muses owe the line,  
 That melts the yielding soul with tenderness divine.



## CHARACTER OF ROBERT LLOYD.

WIT, wisdom, pity, folly, friends,  
 Bob uses and abuses ;  
 No pride, but learned pride, commends,  
 No liars, but the Muses.

*Foreign*

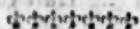


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# Monthly Gazette.

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## Foreign Occurrences.



### Germany.

**T**HE troops in the pay of the Emperor amount to 225,374 men, exclusive of the Artillery and Staff, which increases the number to more than 300,000. To these an addition of 70,000 are to be made.

The annals of no country, furnish so long a list of unfortunate Generals as those of France. Dillon was massacred by his own soldiers; La Fayette an exile and in prison; young Dillon disgraced; Luckner in the same situation; Dumourier an exile and a wanderer; Dampierre killed; Miranda brought to trial; Miackzinski beheaded; Moreton dead; Valence an exile; Cafabianca a prisoner; Stengel disgraced; Newzinger a prisoner; young Egalite proscribed; Lanbre disgraced; Montequiou absconded, and Custine cut to pieces.

The following is the intended partition of France at the close of the present war; Alsace and Lorraine to the Elector Palatine; Artois and part of Picardy to the Prince of Hesse Cassel; Normandy and Brittany to the Duke of York; Burgundy and Franche Comte to the King of Prussia; Principality of Orange to the Stadtholder; Avignon to the Pope; Provence to the King of Sardinia; Gascony and Roussillon to the King of Spain. France will then no longer be a maritime power, being entirely cut off from the ocean by this curtailment; the foreign possessions are to go to the English and Dutch, and the ancient government will be established on the remnant.

### France.

The criminal tribunal of Marseilles has brought Philip Equality, late Duke of Orleans, to a publick trial. He is charged in the name of the nation with almost every possible crime against the peace of the republick; and more than probable the guillotine will be his fate.

The City of Bourdeaux, and several other capital places, have protested in vehement terms against the confinement of certain members, by order of the national convention.

The celebrated Thomas Paine has lost the confidence of his Electors. If he does not escape, he will fall a sacrifice to popular fury.

General Santerre is deprived of all command. He is replaced by a Salt Petre Manufacturer, who pointed the cannon against the Convention, during the late disturbances.

The Commissioners entered the apartment of the late Queen, at half past nine at night July 3, and announced to her, the decree of the Convention of the first instant, that her Son should be taken from her. After many entreaties,

entreaties, she finally resolved to yield up her son, and he was accordingly delivered over to the care of citizen Simon.

A band of blacks of both sexes, attended by martial musick and escorted by a great mob of Parisians, came into the Hall to return thanks to the Legislators for having raised them to the rank of men.

The President gave the fraternal kiss to an old Negress of 114 years of age, and mother to 11 children. After which she was respectfully conducted to an arm chair, and seated by the side of the President.

The French Executive Council have issued orders that American ships shall pass free, even with enemy's property on board, provided that property be not warlike stores.

The Women of Toulon lately declared themselves in a state of insurrection, assembled in crowds and threatened to hang the Magistrates, if they did not lower the price of sugar. The Syndick laughed at their threats, but when he saw the rest become more serious, he assembled the Council General of the Commune, who dispersed them, by filling the city engines with water, and playing upon them vigorously.

Citizen Dangos, a correspondent of the academy of Sciences at Tarbes, already known by important observations made in the island of Malta and at Toulon, observed on the 17th of May a new comet in the Crow. Its right ascension 181 degrees, and 16 degrees of southern declination.

The department of Paris have passed the following votes; 1. That the proprietors of all houses shall cause to be painted on the front of their houses in large letters, these words, Unity, Indivisibility, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity or Death.

2. That a tricoloured streamer, surmounted with the cap of Liberty, shall be hoisted on the top of all publick edifices.

The Governour of Conde on the 10th of July consented to surrender that important fortress to the Imperial forces under the command of the Prince of Wirtemberg.

August 1. At 7 in the morning the town of Valenciennes was surrendered to the combined armies under the command of the Duke of York. The garrison during the siege was reduced from 10,000 to 6000 men; they were badly clothed, and nearly famished for want of provisions.

The celebrated Marat has been assassinated by a Lady of noble family, who stabbed him in his own house. She was immediately seized, and in the evening of the 17th of July was beheaded. Her undaunted composure in her last moments excited the admiration of the spectators. During her interrogatory, she astonished the judges by her calm unaffected deportment; and even on the approach of death she affected an air of pleasantry.

The garrison of Mentz, consisting of 11,000 men, has surrendered to the combined armies. The French made a vigorous attempt to throw succours into the place, but were repulsed by the Austrians in three several efforts.

General Custine, who commanded the grand Army, consequent on the recent

recent losses of the republick, has been thrown into prison, and it is said has since been massacred by the mob, who cut him into five pieces.

Various parts of the republick are in a state of commotion. Foremost in these are the cities of Lyons, Bourdeaux, Marseilles and Cayen. One great object of these commotions is to form a Federal republick; the territory to be divided into three regions, the Northern, Southern and Central. In the department of Calvedos, a considerable army is raised, commanded by General Wimpfen.

The Marseillois have taken Toulon; the popular club is broke up; the sans culottes are put in jail; and a commissioner of the executive council heads the insurgents against the Convention.

The Convention, daily occupied by the multiplicity of business, continue firm to their posts and duties, notwithstanding the difficulties which surround them, nor is the least despair of the republick to be seen.

The Convention has decreed the establishment of another camp behind the grand camp in French Flanders, to consist of 300,000 men, and have declared all France to be in the state of a siege.

The Queen has been summoned before the revolutionary tribunal. Her deportment was firm and dignified. She has since been committed a close prisoner to the Concergerie, a low prison. Her trial, as well as the fate of Custine, is said to be the consequence of the surrender of Valenciennes, &c.

General Paoli has thrown off obedience to the National Convention, and erected a kind of independent sovereignty, of which himself is appointed the reigning President.

#### Spain.

His majesty has received by an express, dispatches from Don Ventura Cara, general of the army of Navarra; they mention, that on the 6th June at 9 o'clock in the morning he ordered an attack upon the French, who were posted up in mountains almost inaccessible. After a very bloody engagement of four hours, our troops dislodged the enemy, and placed themselves in their position.

Don Antonio Ricardos, general of the army of Roussillon informs, that on the 4th he assaulted for two hours the fortification of Banos, after which he ordered his Adjutant to summon the garrison to surrender, which they immediately complied with.

The Admiral of the Spanish fleet, whom his Catholic Majesty sent to reinstate his uncle the King of Sardinia, writes that he has recaptured the islands of St. Antonio and St. Petres, and captured the French Frigate Elena, and burnt the Richmond.

Intelligence is received of a curious phenomenon which took place at the River la Plata. An impetuous wind arose, it blew with a violence so extreme that it drove the waters of the river ten leagues distance from its banks. All the neighbouring country was inundated, and the bed of the river left dry. This terrible irruption discovered several vessels which had been



been lost for thirty years. Many persons went to the river and walked about on dry ground. They returned loaded with silver and spoil which heretofore had been buried beneath the waves. This phenomenon lasted three days, when the waters returned to their ancient bed with great velocity.

#### Great Britain.

There are great disturbances in Ireland consequent upon the militia act. In the counties of Roscommon and Sligo above 10,000 of the common people are employed in destroying the gentlemen's houses. The military meet with very rough treatment.

On the 17th June Mr. Fox after a lengthy speech, made a motion in the house of Commons on the subject of the war. The substance was to present an address to the King, requesting that he would take the speediest and most effectual steps towards a general pacification, or at least as far as Great Britain is concerned. The Chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Pitt, made an animated reply, and carried a continuance of the war by a majority of 140.

General Dumourier arrived in London a few days past, and earnestly requested the ministry to permit his residence in some obscure country town. To this requisition Lord Grenville replied in the negative, and he has been necessitated to seek an asylum elsewhere.

The petition from Glasgow against the war is signed by many thousands of names; and all the large manufacturing towns, it is said, propose to copy the example, in a manly, moderate way.

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### *Domestic Occurrences.*

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#### Retard of Humanity.

**T**HE trustees of the Massachusetts humane society, have given a reward of ten dollars, to Messieurs John Whitney and Luke Morse, for rescuing James Ryan of Roxbury, from the most imminent danger of drowning, when bathing in the Mill Creek of that town on the 30th of June. Mr. Ryan had sunk three times, and his life was nearly exhausted, when the daring exertions of Mr. Whitney brought him safe to land.

#### Rheumatism.

A specific cure for the Rheumatism has lately been communicated by a Gentleman from the Coast of Guinea. Which is to rub the parts affected with a mixture of Cayenne pepper and strong spirits. The rubbing must be continued some time, and repeated till the cure is effected. Probably the American red pepper, or the India black pepper, might answer where the other is not attainable.

A fiery

**Meteor.**

A fiery meteor of an uncommon size, was lately seen at Hanover, New-hampshire, and the adjacent parts. It first appeared in the north east about sixty five degrees above the horizon. Its apparent direction was an oblique descent; so that the point where it disappeared, was but a little east of north and about twenty degrees above the horizon. Its apparent diameter, when first observed, was small, but increased until it had past about five degrees, in which situation it appeared larger than the sun on the meridian; whence, in its progress, it gradually decreased, leaving a train behind until it expired.

**Inhuman Murder.**

Elisba Street, of Cheshire, is committed to New Haven Jail for the murder of a daughter of Levi Hitchcock about five years old. It is probable that Street entered the house with a design against Mrs. Hitchcock, but she having fortunately made her escape, the monster killed the unoffending child. What tempted him to the commission of this deed is not known, as there appears to have been no quarrel between the families.

**Robbery.**

A young man by the name of Corbett, as riding into Charleston, S. C. was suddenly pulled from his horse by three ruffians, who after giving him several blows with a gun upon the side, took from him his horse, and saddle bags, which contained sixty three pounds sterling, besides stealing his clothes and shoes.

**Cure for the Flux.**

Take the inner bark of a white oak sapling or tree, of which make tea sweetened with the best double refined loaf sugar, which give to the patient as his constant drink. If it proves unpalatable, dry the bark before a slow fire, and reduce it to a fine powder; a small tea spoonful of which may be taken in a glass of good port wine, warmed, in the morning fasting, and in the evening; after which, work it off with a gentle purge.

**Pellow Fever.**

This malignant distemper has made its appearance in the city of Philadelphia, where great numbers of persons have fallen victims to the disease. The latest accounts from that quarter are favourable. Dr. Rush in particular declares, that with common attention, nursing, &c. it is little more to be dreaded than the generality of autumnal colds. The police of the neighbouring states, are vigilant in their efforts to prevent its introduction. A general panick has been diffused from the alarming accounts which were published in the first instance; but the terror of the moment is happily subsiding.

**Fire in Philadelphia.**

September 8. A fire broke out in Philadelphia, in the back buildings of Mr. Kennedy's house in Second between Market and Chestnut Street, which  
soon

soon communicated to Mr Dobson's printing office, and the stables and warehouses thereto contiguous, all of which were entirely burnt down. The citizens owe much to the French sailors, who under the conduct of their officers, performed prodigies. Mr. William Cooper was killed by the parting of a side wall, and two fine children are buried in the ruins.

#### Double headed Snake.

On the 18th ult. Mr. Silas Chapin of Tyringham, accompanied by a boy, being in pursuit of some stray sheep, discovered a rattle snake within sight of them, who sought a retreat between two rocks. They immediately began digging, and in a short time discovered more snakes, and at length drew out from the rocks no less than twenty seven. The most remarkable transaction, was the discovery of one snake with two proper heads, two mouths and four eyes.

#### Northern Indians.

September 6. Yesterday an express arrived at the war office from the Commissioners for treating with the Indians North of the Ohio. We learn that they were not even able to effect a meeting with the body of the hostile Indians, who are assembled at the Rapids of the Miami river. The Indians by deputation, insisted upon the Ohio as the boundary between them and the United States. But as so extensive a concession was inadmissible, and no relaxation of this demand being indicated, the Commissioners, who had been waiting at the mouth of Detroit from the 21st of July, left that place on the 17th of August, and arrived at Fort Erie on the 23d of the same month.

#### Curious Carriage.

Mr. Blanchard of Philadelphia has invented a carriage which runs without the assistance of horses, and goes as fast as the best post chaise. An automaton, of the shape of an eagle, chained to the tongue of the carriage and guided by the traveller, who holds the reins in his hands, directs it in every respect. This extraordinary carriage cannot only travel on all roads, but likewise ascends any mountain which is accessible to any common carriage. The Eagle fixed to the carriage begins its flight. The carriage will come out of it, and stand and run round the place, carrying two persons. The distance it may proceed is unlimited, as there are no springs in the case that require winding up.

#### Williams' College.

At a meeting of the Corporation of Williams' college, at Williamstown, Massachusetts, on the 6th instant, Mr. Ebenezer Fitch, was unanimously elected President, the Rev. Dr. West of Stockbridge, Vice President, Daniel Dewy, Esq. Secretary, Mr. Noah Linsley, Tutor, and Mr. Nathaniel Steel, Master of the Grammar school. The qualifications for the admission of Students, are nearly the same with those required by the laws of Yale College.

Take



**Cure for the Dysentery, or Flux.**

Take about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an ounce of the oldest Cheese that can be procured, scrape it very fine in a pint or less of new milk, and let it be thickened with the best superfine flour, to the consistence of what is generally termed mush; let this be the patient's constant diet, till they find the flux inclining to stop, and then work it off with any gentle purge; should they desist taking the medicine too soon, and find the disorder returning, have recourse to it again, it will assuredly cure.

**The Maygot.**

There has been lately advertised in the Baltimore papers, an East India animal, called the Maygot. This singular animal nearly resembles the human species, and is endowed with every faculty of man, excepting speech. He will take a cup or glass, and drink with the same decorum as any intelligent being; he can ride on horseback, climb a tree, and dance a rope with amazing agility. He is about three feet and a half high, remarkably strong built; his hands and feet exactly resembling a man. When he is honoured with a visit from the ladies he is dressed in a coat, jacket and overhauls.

**Church burnt down.**

In the night of the 22d of August, an unhappy circumstance took place at Pittstown on Kennebeck. The church in that town was consumed by fire. It appears the fire was kindled in the third loft of the belfry. The perpetrator of the act is not known; but from many circumstances an insane person, living in that town, is strongly suspected.

**Suffocation.**

A melancholy circumstance took place in Market street, Baltimore, Maryland. A little boy playing in a back yard in which was a well that had been lately uncovered for the purpose of draining it, dropped his hat into it; a young lad attempted to go down for it, but in descending about twelve feet he was suffocated. Mr. Gaulty Hornby in going down to rescue the lad, met with the same fate, and a negro lad who was let down after them nearly experienced the same fate from the noxious vapours, which ought to have been previously dissipated by the burning of gunpowder, or some other nitrous substances.

**Marriages.**

MASSACHUSETTS—*Boston*, Mr. Benjamin Hale to Miss Mariann Foxwell; Mr. Moses Grose to Miss Patty Pritchard; Mr. John Stillman to Miss Nancy Stackpole; Mr. John Somes, jun. to Miss Hannah Dillaway; *Hon.* James Willson to Miss Hannah Gray; Mr. Carlile to Miss Nabby Wyer; Mr. William Marean to Miss Sally Brewer.—*Concord*, Mr. David Hylop to Miss Eliza Stone.—*Charlestown*, Mr. Carey to Miss Russell.—*Cambridge*, Major Samuel W. Pomeroy to Miss Clarissa Alfop.—*Dedham*, Mr. William Bullard to Miss Lydia Whiting.—*Ipswich*, Mr. Stephen Lamion to Miss Lucy Kendall.—*Lexington*, Mr. Elijah Trask to Miss Sally Benney.—*Newburyport*, Mr. Francis B. Beequet to Miss Sally Wigglesworth.—*Nantucket*, Mr. John Orphin to Miss Susannah Gardner; Mr. David Pease to Miss Sally Foldick; Mr.

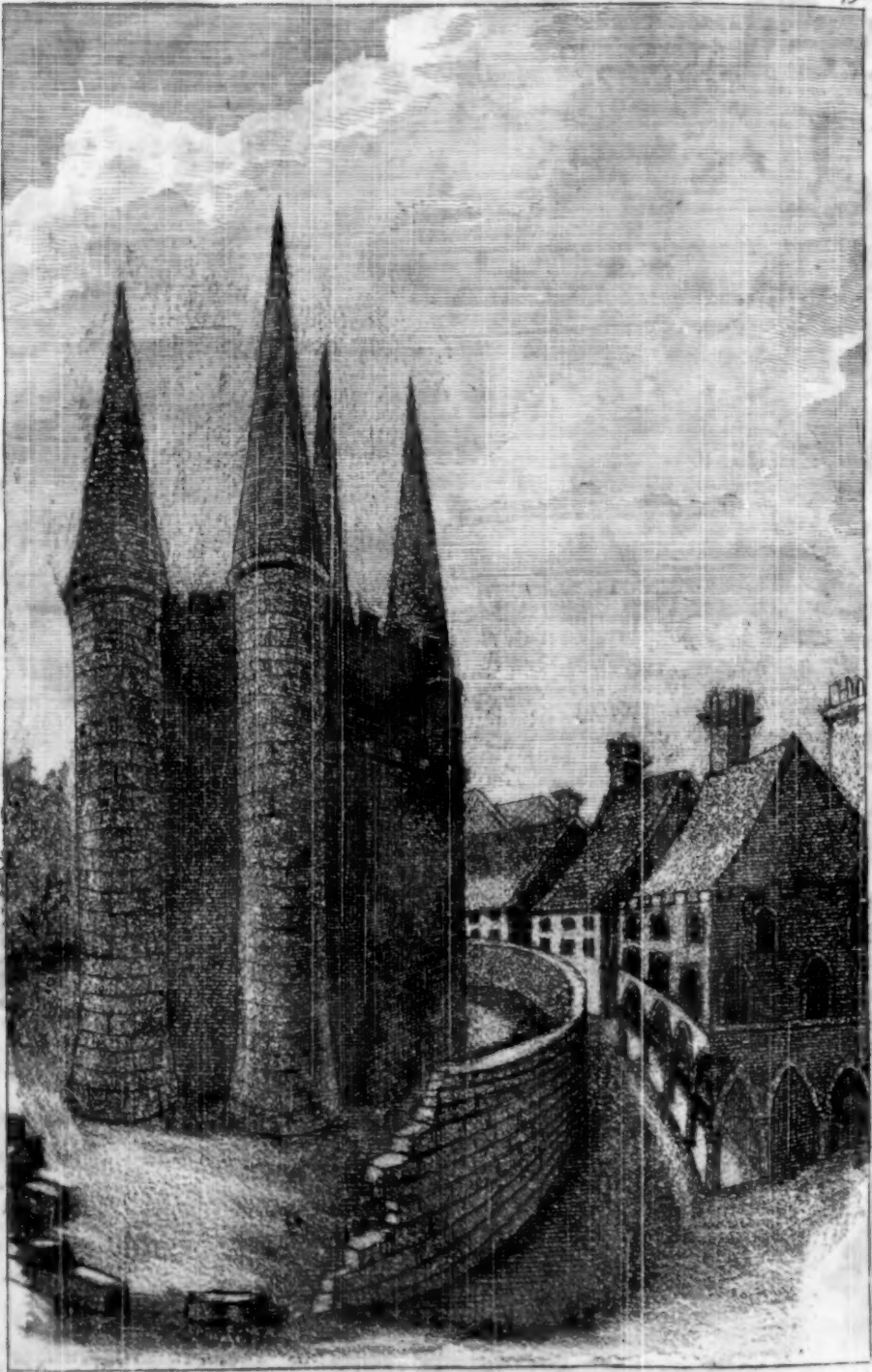
Mr. Beriah Fitch to Miss Sally Delano.—*Plymouth*, Chandler Robbins, Esq. to Miss Harriot Lathrop.—*Reading*, Mr. John Chandler to Miss Abigail Hay.—*Roxbury*, Mr. Ebenezer Leland to Mrs. Sukey Wilson.—*Scituate*, Mr. Calvin Bailey to Mrs. Sarah Jacobs ; Mr. David Stetson to Mrs. Sally Saphum.—*Salem*, Mr. Thomas Bancroft to Miss Polly Smith.—*Stockbridge*, Mr. Uriah Simons to Miss Olive Tucker ; Mr. Ebenezer Williams to Miss Nancy Holland ; Mr. Abel Hearsey to Miss Polly Gardner.—*Westport*, Mr. John Maccomber to Miss Peace Gilford.—*Worcester*, Dr. Samuel Rice to Miss Nancy Woodburne.—*Waltham*, Rev. Nathan Underwood to Miss Susannah Lawrence.—**NEW HAMPSHIRE.** Mr. John Thomas to Miss Sally Clark.—**VERMONT.** Mr. John Spooner to Miss Isabella Patrick.—**NEW YORK.** Mr. Timothy Burr to Miss Maria Hurten.

### Deaths.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—*Boston*, Mr. Samuel Skillings, 51 ; Mr. Zebediah Johnson, 24 ; Mrs. Elizabeth Pierpont, 52 ; Miss Mary Clarke, 26 ; Mr. Job Gridley, 24 ; Mrs. Ann Harrison, 78 ; Miss Mehitable Baker ; Mrs. Elizabeth Brimmer ; Mrs. Lydia Young, 87 ; Mrs. Fanny Wenfall, 67.—*Andover*, Miss Mary Pemberton, 44.—*Amherst*, Mr. Parks, accidental.—*Arundel*, Mrs. Lydia Blunt.—*Braintrée*, Mrs. Esther Thayer, 58.—*Beverly*, Mrs. Elizabeth Greenwood.—*Freshpond*, Mrs. Burke.—*Guilford*, Mrs. Louis Stevens, 32.—*Greatbarrington*, Mrs. Joanna Hopkins, 67.—*Groton*, Mrs. Drury.—*Hardwick*, Deacon Joseph Allen, 85.—*Lynn*, Mrs. Elizabeth Burrage, 72.—*Needham*, Mr. Isaac Mills, 94.—*Lunenburg*, Mrs. Nancy Cunningham, 23.—*Manchester*, Major Eleazer Crafts.—*Mansfield*, Mrs. Williams, 45.—*Marshfield*, Mrs. Sarah Holmes, 98 ; Mrs. Lydia Winflow, 78.—*Nantucket*, Captain Bartlett Coffin ; Mr. Reuben Maxcey, jun. Mr. Benjamin Coleman, 90 ; Mrs. Susannah Barber, 84 ; Miss H. Stratton.—*Newburyport*, Mrs. Huldah Tilton, 25 ; Mrs. Greenleaf ; Mrs. Thomas ; Mrs. Susannah Hodge ; Mr. Benjamin Pettingale, 20.—*New Bedford*, Miss Betsy Spooner.—*Portland*, Mr. Thomas Hilton, 27 ; Richard Codman, Esq. 63 ; Mr. John Neal, 29.—*Roxbury*, Mr. Joseph Williams, 29 ; Mr. John Whittemore, 24.—*Sheffield*, Miss Clarissa Bernard.—*Salem*, Mrs. Hannah Palfry, 53.—*Taunton*, Captain Zephaniah Hodges ; Mrs. Abigail Maccomber, 71.—*Topsfield*, Mr. Ephraim Towne, 68.—*Weston*, Mrs. Abigail Kendall, 34.—*Woburn*, Mr. Samuel Fowle, 89.—*Worcester*, Mrs. Anna Chandler, 60 ; Mrs. Elizabeth Torrey, 35 ; Mr. Joel Flagg, 32 ; Mrs. Elder ; Mr. Asa Miles, 27.—**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—Master John Hart, 14 ; Gideon Bartlett, Esq. 90 ; Mrs. Dorothy Odiorne ; Mrs. Mary Alcott ; Col. Reuben Kidder, 71.—**RHODE ISLAND.** Mr. Lemuel Edmonds, 37 ; Mr. Jonathan C. Cushing, 24.—**CONNECTICUT.** Mrs. Lydia Fitch, 50 ; Mr. Daniel Hill, 32 ; Mrs. Susannah Huntington, 23.—**NEW YORK.** Mrs. Elizabeth Foster ; Seth Jenkins Esquire ; Mr. Thomas Carnes.—**PENNSYLVANIA.** Mr. Samuel Swan ; Mr. Frederic W. Stetman ; Mr. Thomas Miller ; Mrs. Ann Turtlen, 109.—*North Carolina.* Mrs. Lavinia Marth.—*Virginia*, Mr. William H. Brown.







*The Temple at Paris,  
where LOUIS the XVI was imprisoned.*